# THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.*

Volume XII | New York, Wednesday, May 28, 1930 | Number 4



EDITORIAL BOARD
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL
CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH


## TABLE OF CONTENTS


Figure of a Bishop ..... 89
Week by Week ..... 90
Tariff Teetotalism ..... 93
The Half-way House of Humanism ..... Louis J. A. Mercier 95
Places and Persons ..... Claude Bragdon 99
Peace or War in the East? ..... John Carter 100
Sea Tryst (*verse*) ..... Siddie Joe Johnson 102
Psyching the Baby to Sleep ..... Frank Whalen 103
After Music (*verse*) ..... Joseph Frant-Walsh 105
Dust ..... Sister Mary of the Visitation 106
Wings (*verse*) ..... Leo R. Ward 106
Communications ..... 107
The Play and Screen ..... Richard Dana Skinner 109
Books ..... Agnes Repplier, William Franklin Sands, George Carver, Patrick J. Healy 110



Published weekly and copyrighted 1930, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.


# FIGURE OF A BISHOP

SPEAKING at Atlanta, Georgia, on October 7, 1928, Bishop James Cannon, jr., declared that if the Methodist conference which appointed him chairman of the temperence board did not approve of his conduct, it could have his resignation at the next conference in 1930. This has now been in session at Dallas, Texas: and while the outcome is not clear as we write, it is certain that the Bishop confronts a larger array of enemies inside his communion than he bargained for. Supported as a campaigner, he is denounced as a gambler. Personally we do not feel that Cannonism will be overthrown; we are merely convinced that it has been lamed, to the advantage of the nation generally and of the Methodists in particular. Though the contention that the religious ministry must be completely divorced from politics is not defensible (for when the vital interests of the Church are at stake the ministry cannot remain inactive) the Cannon idea of "preaching the Gospel" is wrong and dangerous from other than Catholic points of view.

Bishop Cannon is a fanatic, but in several respects a highly gifted one. Well educated, tireless and cognizant of the nature of political maneuvering, his accession to innumerable offices cannot be attributed to chance. He had made his mark at congresses and conferences, leaving the impression of a strange blend of recruiting sergeant with astute major domo. The growing reluctance of various Protestant circles to endorse either his doctrine or his practice in toto has been without the slightest effect upon his ambition. Dedicated to two major causes—the evangelization of Latin America and the triumph of prohibition—he has crusaded straight ahead without glancing to the right or to the left. As a consequence his reputation has suffered from not a few tactical blunders, attributable far more to shortsightedness than to anything akin to dishonesty. Having made himself ridiculous as a bucket-shop sucker, he proceeded through the miasmas of an exceedingly unwise campaign in Virginia to getting himself involved in Mr. Jameson's report on curious methods of handling campaign expenditures. All these matters reveal the vast limitations of the Bishop's mind. From several points of view he is as naive as a country postmaster and as narrow as a cowpath.

For this reason it is conceivable enough that the Bishop does not consider himself illiberal. Individually he might be expected to vote for a Catholic who was straight-laced and dry. Grant him the foundations


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his faith and he will live tranquilly enough with you in the upper stories. He was brought up on the wave of "social Christianity," by which was understood using politico-social means to inoculate the citizenry with righteousness. The proponents of this doctrine started with the perfectly sound assumption that moral preparation is needed for spiritual advancement and then proceeded to legislate the preparation into being. As is usual in movements of this character, a great deal of enthusiastic energy was unleashed while poise suffered. One remembers a minister lecturing a village drunkard with these words: "If I could put you in jail for thirty days, you would save your soul!" Bishop Cannon honestly believes that even capital punishment would be a blessing if used to help make tipsters sober. Here also the origins of his Latin-American policy seem to lie. He is less interested in the religion of Hispania than in the machinery for morals now operating in Hispania. Possibly he is not so much anti-Catholic as anti-Latin—and anti-Irish.

How irritating all this is to proponents of a cultured spirituality may be seen from the attack launched by the Reverend Rembert Gilman Smith, the Georgia Methodist minister who has lately been a thorn in the Cannon side. The charges forwarded by the Reverend Mr. Smith, whose clerical ancestry goes back to Asbury's time, to the Dallas conference are summarized in his book, Politics in a Protestant Church. There four southern Methodist bishops—Cannon, Moore, Mouzon and DuBose—are termed "the four horsemen of the political apocalypse of 1928," and it is definitively proved that all (with the possible exception of the last, who contented himself with inability to "see how any Christian man or woman could vote for Al Smith") opposed the Democratic candidate not only because he was a wet but also because he belonged to the Catholic Church. To this evidence, some of it exceedingly interesting, there is appended a speculative essay written to show that Methodist beliefs and history both insist upon the harmfulness of the "political prelate."

With this point of view we find ourselves in hearty sympathy. Despite all sorts of barriers, there are ties between Catholics and Methodists which far transcend any hard-earned allegiance to the tolerant spirit of the Constitution. No Catholic would ignore either the good evangelical work done by Methodist spokesman in the early days of the Republic, or the many ties which asociate Wesley's labors with the modern Catholic revival in England. Surely these things, which belong to the spiritual treasury of the race, are more important than the cheap politics and the extravagant hullabaloo which have characterized the past decade. The prohibition issue is, of course, the kind of thing which naturally tears the soap box to tatters. Some day, when the diverse hierarchical descendants of Carrie Nation have grown less noisy, there will be time to consider the real history and achievements of the temperance movement in the United States.

## WEEK BY WEEK

WITH that keen sensitiveness to popular feeling which made him universally beloved, Clare Briggs always used to devote a "Mr. and Mrs." about this time of year to the everlasting question of "What are we going to do this summer?" And every year in the spring even the President of the United States has to answer that question. Few men today have the fortitude of some of our early chief executives—notably John Quincy Adams—who braved Washington's tropical heat. Often the presidential vacation has profound political effects; this year it seems likely that Mr. Hoover will undertake to justify himself to the American people. It is now announced that he intends to go to the Pacific coast via St. Paul, down the coast to his home at Palo Alto, and then back to Washington through St. Louis. He will have to make speeches en route and, in the present political situation, these speeches will have to be aimed at restoring public confidence in a badly shaken administration. Farm relief, the tariff, the World Court, and the naval treaty will undoubtedly be the chief subjects of discourse, and it will be instructive to hear what the administration has to say on these subjects. It has been saying extraordinarily little about anything for the last few months, and it will have to speak very persuasively if it hopes to avoid an even less friendly Congress next fall than that with which it has had to contend through a long, hard winter.

Mr. Hoover's Vacation

THERE has been a persistent rumor in Geneva that Sir Eric Drummond, secretary-general of the League of Nations, will resign shortly. For many reasons such an event would have serious consequences. Anything Sir Eric does is of interest to Catholics, for he is one of the most active and devoted of English laymen. Since 1919 he has held his present post and has, as much as any other single person, been responsible for what success the League has enjoyed. His tact, reticence and scrupulous sense of fair play have undoubtedly won him the affection and confidence of European statesmen—no small achievement in the man who, in his own person, constitutes the League of Nations during the greater part of each year. The ostensible reason for Sir Eric's retirement is Lady Drummond's ill health. The real reason is probably a desire to give some one else a chance at the office. Naturally there is much talk of Sir Eric's successor. The British hope to have another Englishman head the secretariat; the French have a candidate, as have the Italians. It looks at present very much as though a citizen of one of the smaller powers might be chosen to take the position merely to avert an Anglo-French-Italian deadlock. Perhaps a compromise choice would be Eduard Benes. Whoever replaces Sir Eric will have a far higher standard to live up to than was ever

Sir Eric Drummond

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dreamed in 1919. No greater compliment than this could be paid to any retiring office holder.

THIS year's Chinese civil war is now well under way. As we go to press, the line-up is Chiang Kai-shek for the Nanking Nationalists, the official Chinese government, against Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-shan for the Northern rebels, centered at Peking. Meanwhile the Manchurian dictator, Chang Hsueh-liang, remains very nominally an ally of the Nanking government. The northerners have a vast superiority in numbers, the southerners in material. The latter have Japanese and German technical advice, together with all the latest scientific instruments of slaughter. There has been a bloody battle, slightly advantageous to Nanking, near Yucheng, the northeastern end of the battle front. Another looms at the southwestern end, near Hankow. The whole campaign is an attack from the north against China's only east-west railroad. There are the usual rumors of huge bribes, imperiled missionaries, communist activities, Japanese jealousy and financial panic. Meanwhile, the perennial bandits, like vultures, seize whatever lies helpless in their path, and no human being can tell the tale of destruction, desolation and death.

China Thaws Out

ENDEAVORS to use the conference method in order to allay misunderstandings extant between Catholics, Protestants and Jews continue, with some good results. The mere circumstance that people are willing to meet and discuss the problem is evidence that many, at least, are aware of current prejudice and anxious to root it out. Encouraged by the success of Boston's Calvert Round Table meeting, extended reference to which was made in The Commonweal, a committee in St. Louis recently staged a comparable seminar. The results, as noted in the press, are most interesting and we hope to present an account of the "experience" in a forthcoming issue. All in all this meeting, notable for distinguished speakers and lively debate, is one of the most instructive congresses to have met in a long while.

Religious Misunderstanding

ANY group of artistic prizes, the awarding of which receives much public attention, naturally is subject to universal criticism. Especially is this true when such prizes cover several scattered fields of human effort; if most of them seem appropriately given, at least one will seem all wrong to each free-born citizen, and each citizen will thereupon condemn the whole business. At least this can be said of the Pulitzer prizes—that they go annually to highly distinguished work and that they are honored enough to serve as an incentive to good writing for all American authors and newspapermen. This year's outstanding winners are, as usual, the dramatist and the novelist. Everyone reads stories and sees plays; newspapers are more taken for granted; biographies, poetry and history have narrower audiences. The Green Pastures is certainly one of the best plays of the season, Laughing Boy, one of the best novels. That much can be said without contradiction. In both cases the authors are young men; public recognition can do much toward making them live up in the future to the high standards of their present achievement.

The Pulitzer Prizes

ANOTHER application for citizenship, that of Auxenty Miroch, has been denied in a federal court because the applicant refused to promise to bear arms in defense of the United States. Madame Rosika Schwimmer refused because she disapproves of war. Dr. Douglas Clyde Macintosh refused because he fears that he may be obliged to take part in a war which he may not consider just, although he states clearly that he is actuated neither by religion nor by pacifism. Mr. Miroch refused "because the Bible teaches us not to kill." This seems to cover all three possible motives for personal objection against war—pacifism, civic conscience and religious belief. The courts have made it clear that whatever the reason, their attitude in this matter is settled. Yet somehow Mr. Miroch's case commands one's sympathy. Have the Quakers made bad citizens? Or the Mennonites, who, in the Revolution, even objected to the use of their buildings in Bethlehem as hospitals for wounded Americans? Mr. Miroch does not go so far as this. With a strange inconsistency he is unwilling to kill yet is perfectly willing to engage in propaganda for killing and, like the Quakers, to care for the wounded. Here is certainly an inconsistency in our American tradition of religious liberty which should be provided for in our naturalization laws.

One Less Citizen

WE PUBLISHED recently a note on the complaint of a famous American writer that children are not let alone enough. An even more cogent argument to the same effect from the pen of a teacher, Margaret Emerson Bailey, appears in Scribner's. Mrs. Bacon was concerned mainly with the dangers of overorganized education and its weakening of childish initiative. Miss Bailey points to a related but much deeper danger—the effect on balance and character of sheer lack of solitude. She traces the typical daily program of a child of the privileged classes—a program that tends to be more and more widely copied, at least in idea, with the constant leveling-up of educational opportunities. In this program the group is literally everywhere. Children study together, construct boats together, dance together, play together, even concentrate together. Where is there opportunity in all this, Miss Bailey asks, for that healthy aloneness that permits meditation, the sifting out of experiences, the exercise of "the inward eye," the growth in self-

Solitude for Children

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knowledge? She admits that the majority of pupils are largely (in the ugly terminology of the moment) "extroverts"—objective-minded, apparently developed and fulfilled by the group. But there is the rarer child with a capacity for individuality, for separate strength, for acquiring the knowledge that life is at bottom "a solitary venture." Upon this child, so valuable potentially, is put the undue and sometimes tragic strain of conforming to the group technique which modern educational theory has fashioned for the majority.

MISS BAILEY cites the watchwords of this theory, and deals with them keenly and courageously. To the pedagogue who advocates turning the child loose with himself or herself, she says, agitated answers are given: "That way lie morbidness and brooding, shyness, ill-adjustment to the group, a sense of personal inferiority and all of its neuroses and conditionings." This, she feels, is not nearly conclusive. Conceding the high positive worth of social education, and the need of common-sense guards against morbidity and egocentricity, she points out a vitally important psychological fact: "In the forties and thereafter, it is the introverts who have the best of it. . . . If supervision and continual society help to tide the adolescent over morbidness and brooding, they may, since they grow by what they feed on, lead directly toward the mental crashes that come later." This is a sound truth, for the neglect of which our society is already paying heavily: a truth which has its counterpart on the spiritual level, as we know from the Church's immemorial use of solitude to consolidate the character, and to "make" and season the soul. In middle life, Miss Bailey concludes, it is such seasoned people who have come through on the best terms with themselves. They "have reckoned long ago with the childish feelings of slight and grievance and envy when left out of anything. It is the extrovert who shows the blind, the childish, the fatuous emphasis upon inclusion." And it is the extrovert whom, "if he actually does come a nervous cropper," it is most difficult to rebuild, because he is "without self-resources and self-reliance, without a fearlessness toward solitude."

"Freedom in Her Regal Seat"

THERE is a redoubtable tradition that England is the freest country in the world. Perhaps it is, but now and then an alien fact impinges on the tradition with a sound that reaches across the Atlantic. This reading generation recalls a whole series of such facts from—at random—the interdiction of Mr. Shaw's Pygmalion, years ago, to the recent barring of the Soviet sporting club that wished to tour the island. And now a very loud noise indeed is made by Mr. MacDonald's use of the Official Secrets Act. This Act, it appears from the news despatch, received in 1920, when no one was paying much attention, what we sad Americans, used to legal oppression, call "teeth"; specifically, anyone suspected of knowing anything about a leakage of government secrets was given the status of an automatic lawbreaker if he refused to divulge that knowledge under questioning. The other day Mr. MacDonald subjected to a five-hour police grilling the author of an article predicting Gandhi's arrest. It was finally elicited that the journalist had not corrupted a Cabinet member but merely set down a shrewd guess, but the Newspaper Proprietors' Association has begun a campaign, not against such incidental misuse of the Act, but against its whole intention. The Association charges that it destroys the subject's safeguards under police questioning as well as the traditional immunity of the British press, and that it gives the government the arbitrary prerogative of deciding its own "grounds of suspicion." If this be freedom, make the most of it.

An Extraordinary Statement

"MIND you, I do not mean that it is legal to do so. On the contrary, it is illegal. But we can't do anything because our hands were tied by an earlier Supreme Court decision." This from Seymour Lowman, assistant secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition, in regard to home brewing. One rubs one's eyes as one reads. Can it be the Supreme Court of the United States to which Mr. Lowman refers? Evidently it is. But one hopes, charitably, that Mr. Lowman has been misquoted and that no executive officer of the United States government would dare make such a statement, especially at a moment when the whole question of prohibition is in the public mind as it never has been before.

Herbert Croly

THE death of Herbert Croly, founder and editor of the New Republic, will doubtless attract less attention now than it would have ten years ago. He sponsored so wholeheartedly the ideals of a definite time and political current that, as the years went on, he perforce found himself in a rather formidable, barricaded ivory tower. A note of intellectual detachment, of watchful waiting for a change in public opinion, testified as much to inward conservatism as to absolute personal integrity. Nevertheless Mr. Croly was genuinely an innovator. Committed as we have been to a program frequently in sharp conflict with his ideas and aspirations, we even so confess to having adopted a journalistic method and attitude which he was the first to revive. The New Republic was founded in 1914, with the help of a subsidy generously contributed during later years. It was built upon recognition of the fact that the weekly periodical is now the only possible "journal of opinion," and that if it is to be an honest spectator rather than a caterer of news, amusement or literary sensations (for all of which either the daily or the monthly is, perhaps, the normal medium) it must have sufficient financial support to render it above surrendering to irate subscribers or advertisers. This formula has been adopted fairly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

widely since then, but the New Republic has still the best record of success. Everyone will concede that it has wielded an influence not at all commensurate with its circulation. Even its critics—among whom we are enrolled—have never doubted that it drew strength from a triumph over venality and time-serving.

The Prix de Rome

FOR some years the American Academy in Rome has had in its annual gift two generous scholarships, each equivalent to about $8,000 in cash, one awarded for painting, the other for sculpture. Naturally the annual awards are sure of considerable publicity. It is remarkable that this year both were given for works with religious subjects. The prize for painting goes to Salvatore de Maio of New Haven, a student in the Yale School of Fine Arts. It was awarded for a descent from the cross entitled Consummatum Est. Mr. de Maio is one of thirteen children; he first began to draw in high school, and earned his way through Yale by playing the cornet in a dance orchestra. The prize in sculpture goes to W. M. Simpson, jr., of Norfolk, Virginia, for a statue of Saint Francis of Assisi Mr. Simpson is not a Catholic, but when he conceived the idea of his prize-winning work, he got in communication with the Franciscan fathers in Washington, who supplied him with correct historical details concerning the habit. The Franciscan nuns of Norfolk also heard of his work and visited his studio in a body to see the statue. So much interest was aroused in Catholic circles in Norfolk that Masses were said for the success of Mr. Simpson's effort. Every Catholic must see with pleasure such recognition of religious art. There is surely a great need for true religious artists in America today.

Subscribers Only

THE specialized mind was wonderfully at work in a recent fire in Nashville, Tennessee. A fire engine, fully manned, the property of a private department supported by subscription, appeared before a burning residence. The hose was just being connected when the chief announced: "Boys, he's not a subscriber!" All efforts at aid forthwith ceased, the house was commended to the care of the municipal fire engines whenever they should arrive, and in consequence burned to the ground. Loss, $35,000. There is need of amusement in this sad world, but it is not always possible to be happy over an incident just because it would make a perfect vaudeville skit. It is not likely that such really sinister stupidity comes from a local course, like living in Nashville. It is much more likely that it comes from the excitement over special purposes, the absorption in organization and method, that we find everywhere, breaking life apart to do the parts extra well and too often unable to put them together again into a common-sense pattern. Efficiency has its victories, no one doubts it, but training the efficient to think in general terms and to transfer their aptitudes in an emergency is not usually one of them. Shall we have to revert to the mental habits of ruder ages before it occurs to a group of independent firemen that the thing to do is to put out the fire and then sue for the bill?

## TARIFF TEETOTALISM

AFTER having been well-nigh dead for a good while, the tariff as an issue has bounded back into exuberant life. The Hawley-Smoot bill, with its endless lists of duty increases, seems an indigestible document, but its effect upon political discussion suggests the famed properties of cod liver oil, yeast and Kentucky bourbon. It has been widely accepted as a symbol of Mr. Hoover's inability to vanquish congressional sectionalisms or to get support for a comprehensive industrial program. To the internationally minded, Senator Smoot has come to seem very like unto Mars himself, provoking enmities and bitter trade rivalry. And the economists, more than one thousand of whom have been publicly heard from, have profited by the opportunity to marshal their statistics and such deductions as follow.

Ostensibly this legislation had its primary source in the desire to utilize the tariff for farm relief. Assuming that protectionism has benefited American industry during many generations, it was argued that the lever for raising farm commodity prices to the general high point ought to be placed in the hands of customs officers. But the clamor from various manufacturing circles was equally strong, and once the bargainers got under way the only recipe for congressional solidarity was upward revision in the strangest possible forms. Even now the finished product is embedded in so much controversial soil that nobody is sure whether the plant has actually come up or not. The economic philosophy of the Hawley-Smoot bill is one thing; the political embroglio which has been developed is another. But the two are alike in so far as they saddle Mr. Hoover with an exceedingly difficult problem. His own economic doctrine, particularly as expressed in the recent address to the United States Chamber of Commerce, has been broad and practical to a degree which has astonished even his friends. How to apply it to tariff legislation—in particular how to make it triumph over Senate opposition—is, however, a mystery which must keep Mr. Hoover awake.

Does the tariff do anything for the farmer? The best reply to this query we have seen is that contributed to the New Republic by Mr. Roland R. Renne. Taking the four commodities most affected by the proposed dose of protection, Mr. Renne shows: that, owing to the steadily increasing production of butter, future prices will not be influenced by the new duties but may fall under the present figure which is below the price quoted for Danish butter in London; that the consequence of the proposed rates on cream and milk will have for their chief effect cutting off the pres-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ent Canadian trade in Boston, with noticeable good results for dairymen generally; that something like $47,000,000 extra will accrue from the $.34 a pound duty on wool, but that the beneficiaries can hardly include more folk than the wealthy western ranchman; and that while the increased tariff on flax will benefit growers of that commodity, these constitute hardly more than 1 percent of the farmers. Mr. Renne concludes, therefore, that the vast majority of rural citizens have nothing to expect from the new tariff. The protesting economists concur in this view, holding that farmers generally, will be affected by higher prices on manufactured goods and by foreign reprisals against staple export commodities.

This matter of reprisals has aroused much speculation. It can be approached from two points of view—the effect on international relations by creating an attitude of bitterness toward the United States, and the economic effect upon investors in foreign securities or enterprises, who must count upon expanding rather than restricting world trade. The first domain is, of course, almost purely theoretical. Nationalistic circles abroad are already so committed to anti-Americanism that they could hardly wade deeper. Thus a French journal, l'Animateur des Temps Nouveaux, commented upon the sale of American automobiles by saying that these should be excluded until such time as the United States lifted its embargo on champagne and cognac. It is hard to understand the temper of a mind capable of writing so stupidly. Nevertheless the problem is serious indeed. Our government spends millions in an effort to stimulate commerce, to effect curtailment of military strength and to foster diplomatic relations which may help advance the cause of world peace. Why do this at all if at the same time gigantic tariff barriers shut out the good-will of other nations?

Such good-will is easy to lose because of world financial conditions. Europe has absorbed 53 percent of American money invested abroad. While this situation would severely impair its chances in anything like a world-wide tariff war, it does imply that the only way in which principal and interest payments can be met is through trade. Dr. Max Winkler has found that the total of United States foreign investments, excluding national debts, aggregated more than $16,500,000,000 at the close of 1929. During the past year European government loans to the extent of $71,421,000 were repaid in cash. Add such sums as this to the regular interest payments and one begins to sense the magnitude of these operations. Now a Europe which shoulders such a burden and at the same time faces constant and prohibitive discrimination against its products in American markets is a Europe which will, sooner or later, find effective ways to organize in opposition to the United States. That, to all intents and purposes means war—not a conflict between armies but a struggle between the social organizations of peoples.

The projected Canadian tariff program is an object lesson. As an antidote to the Hawley-Smoot bill, the dominion plans to impose retaliatory duties upon American products while granting favors to Great Britain. On the whole it is a simple process—duplicating, across the border, the rates imposed by the assembled bargaining solons of Washington. The Department of Commerce estimates that if the plan goes into effect it will mean a loss of about $200,000,000 worth of Canadian business—more than a fifth of the total, which is in turn a little less than one-fifth of the value of all United States exports. Some of the Hawley-Smoot regulations most resented in the dominion are the new duties on hides, furs, dairy products and fish. So far as one can see the final result would be simple; the profit on $250,000,000 worth of business would be paid for by the consuming public in the United States without a penny's worth of compensation for anybody. Of course Canada is in an unusually good position for this kind of retaliation, but Europe could take it up and so put a huge damper on our industrial activity.

More philosophically considered, the question involved is the point at which protection begins to be a weapon of attack. In his Richard Cobden lecture, President Nicholas Murray Butler quoted approvingly these words of Garfield: "A properly adjusted competition between home and foreign products is the best gauge by which to regulate international trade. Duties should be so high that our manufacturers can fairly compete with the foreign product, but not so high as to enable them to drive out the foreign article, enjoy a monoply of the trade and regulate the price as they please." This doctrine seems particularly commendable at a time when growing unemployment suggests to all how imperatively necessary corporate regard for the common good has become. The solution of the farm problem, for instance, must certainly be sought in efforts to take up the slack of inefficiency by absorbing surplus labor and bringing coöperative intelligence to the fore. Here and all the way down the line assistance is valuable but unearned prizes are not.

Whether or not Congress is now able to deal intelligently with such complicated problems is another matter. Certainly neither the Senate nor the House lacks men of distinction and experience. During recent years, however, the congressional outlook has perforce become sectional. The tendency to expect the federal government to create panaceas for social and moral ills has combined with a disposition to bargain for local advantages until most Washington solons can be little more than traveling salesmen for the folks back home. This situation is reflected in the tariff legislation. Essentially a compress of concessions, it does not embody a national point of view. To insist upon this last would seem to have become the function of a President. Possibly, however, the task is superhuman, not to be accomplished by an individual. Mr. Hoover seems to realize this and to be groping for a solution. His failures may, after all, be the results of honest experimentation. But on the subject of tariff teetotalism he must speak out.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE HALF-WAY HOUSE OF HUMANISM

By LOUIS J. A. MERCIER

*Humanism continues to find America an interested audience. But precisely what is it? What ties exist between it and the domains of religion and knowledge? Nobody could be better qualified to explain than the author of a French book which remains by all odds the best treatment of the subject—Le Mouvement Humaniste aux Etats-Unis. It will be apparent that Professor Mercier is a more enthusiastic advocate of the humanist program than the editors of The Cmmonweal themselves have been. His contribution is nevertheless one which we are unusually happy to publish.—The Editors.*

WHEN, little more than a year ago, I published Le Mouvement Humaniste aux Etats-Unis, to help acquaint the French public with the work of W. C. Brownell, Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, I was told by several American reviewers that the word "movement" applied to humanism was premature. Today, no names are more often mentioned in American literary circles than those of Babbitt and More, and humanism is recognized not only as a movement but as one aggressive enough to call for the concerted counter-attack of all the upholders of naturalism. The reception of the movement in France was no less characteristic in its own way. Not only did it attract the attention of the French Academy but representatives of numerous groups commented upon it most sympathetically from Catholic papers to the Action Française and the Mercure de France, from the Abbé Bremond to Baron Seillière. Here were American authors who spoke their own language, who were fully alive to all the traditions, who faced squarely the problem of the nature of man, in the light of all these traditions, and who brought a formula for a twentieth-century approach to a common reëxamination of all the data involved.

The essence of the challenge of humanism, as developed in particular in the works of Babbitt, is that the time has come when we should try to become truly "moderns." "My argument," writes Babbitt, "is addressed to those who are mere modernists at a time when there is a supreme need of being thoroughly and completely moderns." What does it mean to be truly "modern" according to Babbitt? Simply to be truly experimental, to base one's philosophy not only on the data of experience, but to base it on the whole data of experience available.

This is precisely what the various naturalistic schools do not do. They are experimental as long as they deal with data of the senses, but they cease to be experimental as soon as they are confronted with the immediate data of consciousness which transcend sense experience.

Now, fundamentally, what both Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More have done is to recall our attention to the fact, a fact as indubitable as any material fact, that, as an immediate datum of consciousness, we perceive in ourselves the existence of a certain quality of will, a power of vital control capable of acting on our impressions and emotions and expansive desires, and of directing them to higher ends, thus making us captains of ourselves, enabling us to develop our inner life, a genuine individualism, a really human character.

That datum of consciousness—call it what you please, the higher will, the higher nature, vital control, the true voice of man's higher self—is what makes us human and what separates us, partly at least, from the rest of nature, what makes us capable therefore of ethical development, of true progress, through setting us above the flux of impressions and emotions, instead of leaving us immersed and helpless in this flux, as all modernistic and monistic schools do.

This is the essence of humanism and there is evidently nothing recondite about the doctrine. It does not pretend to explain the whole mystery of life. It does establish experimentally that man is not an irresponsible being at the mercy of materialistic determinism, but that on the contrary, there is in him a principle which distinguishes him from the rest of nature and which makes him a man. You are a humanist if you believe that there is in man such a principle, and if you rid yourself of the preconceptions which may blind you to the immediate data of your consciousness, you will readily experience the presence and the action in you of such a principle. And holding fast thus to the principle that makes you specifically human, you have a right to call yourself a humanist, both in the psychological sense and in the historical sense of the word, because the humanists of the renaissance did believe in such a specifically human principle in man. Even Rabelais, who is always quoted as an apostle of the surrender to all the urges of nature, believed, on the contrary, that man was man only in so far as he used his power to canalize these urges. His "Fais ce que voudras" was addressed only to "well-born, well-instructed people who have by nature an instinct which they call honor and which leads to virtue and keeps them from vice." "Nature" here means precisely that character which is the fruit of good instruction, even of good heredity, which has reached standards of honor, standards worthy of man, lifted as he is, above the level of his animal self, by his capacity to acquire and to follow such standards. To the humanist you may say: "Fais ce que voudras," but only because he is already disciplined to the human, because he is "bien instruit," because he has the honor of a man.

You are a humanist, then, and you have the right to call yourself such, if, but only if, you believe that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there is in man a capacity to distinguish and to choose between the superior and the inferior in all domains, a capacity which implies duties and responsibilities and consequently the need of an education of the intelligence and of the will, of the intelligence since it must help to determine values, of the will since it must learn to choose the highest habitually. It is a doctrine which also implies humility, since it teaches that man must discipline himself and consequently recognize a law superior to many of his natural instincts, and that, to recognize it, he must carefully study the experiences of the race, which means that he must know, or at least that his leaders must know, all the traditions.

The humanist so understood is the true positivist and the true experimentalist; the true positivist because he will not reject the data of consciousness testifying to the existence in him of a power to choose; the true experimentalist because he is not naive enough to believe that before this day and age, the race had not been constantly making experiments or that these experiments have no value. He is an experimentalist not only in terms of the present but of the past.

If such is the fundamental doctrine of Babbitt and More, it is no wonder that, now that it has been brought to the attention of the general public, not only in France, but lately in the United States through the manifesto, Humanism and America, recently reviewed in The Commonweal by George N Shuster, humanism is attracting overnight national attention. It is no wonder either that the representatives of purely materialistic doctrines are being marshaled in a counter-attack. The reason is that at last they are being met on their own ground. Babbitt and More have not been working in vain for twenty years, patiently collecting the data on the experience of the race both oriental and occidental, and they cannot be easily dismissed. They must henceforth be fully taken into consideration by all who would seriously attempt to speak about the end of individual and social progress and of their furtherance and expression through the arts.

For another of the facts to which Babbitt and More have given prominence is that all the questions pertaining to individual and social progress are indissolubly linked, because, in the last analysis, they all depend on the conception man has of his own nature.

If man is merely matter, if he is not essentially set by a supernaturalistic element in him above the rest of nature, then you will get behavior, individual, social, national, international and artistic of a certain kind. An abundance of past experiments, which Babbitt and More have recorded in their books, show that, under this conception, man feeling himself the plaything of natural forces, will sink into naturalistic pessimism or, else, idyllically conceiving himself as naturally good, naturally fraternal and altruistic, will give free play to all his instincts, and, in blind pride, fall into romantic excesses, until, violently disillusioned by inexorable reality, and again imagining himself the plaything of natural forces, he will nurse his head and heartaches throughout a new period of pessimism. Thus, literature will pass from the record of his romantic intoxication to that of his naturalistic disenchantment. In politics and sociology he will likewise oscillate between idyllic dreams of fraternity and Nietzschean spells of scorn and ruthlessness, between visions of Utopia and Bolshevistic terror, while in international intercourse, he will dream of perpetual peace only to wake up in the midst of another world war.

What is wrong? Simply that man has made a fundamental mistake about his own nature, that not recognizing in himself the principle by the exercise of which he can achieve at least some measure of orderly life, and consequently genuine progress, he has either felt that he could not shape his destiny by the exercise of his power of discrimination and choice, or else, that being naturally good, he did not need to work ethically to achieve order either in himself or in his environment.

But, on the other hand, it is equally clear on the basis of historical experiments, that whenever and in so far as man has worked ethically, he has known a genuine progress.

Now, here is where the readers of The Commonweal, the Catholic and those who, though non-Catholic, recognize the historical Church, will step in and say: Yes, man has at times secured genuine progress but, in modern times at least, the causes of his progress cannot be dissociated from the action of the principles of Christianity. What we need is not humanism but a revival of Christian influence.

Well, Irving Babbitt himself and Paul Elmer More even more, have fully recognized the value of Christianity, even for the organization of this life. In fact Babbitt has gone so far as to say that "under certain conditions that are already partly in sight, the Catholic Church may perhaps be the only institution left in the Occident that can be counted on to uphold civilized standards." And in his essay in Humanism and America, he has written: "The Catholic Church can scarcely fail to recognize that the position of the positive and critical humanist is sound *as far as it goes.*" It follows, he even adds, "that the Catholic and the non-Catholic should be able to coöperate on the humanistic level and that a like coöperation should be possible between the humanist and the members of other Christian communions who have not as yet succumbed entirely to humanitarianism." That is, who still preach self-reform before social reform.

One of the most startling consequences of the work of Babbitt and More precisely because it was so objective, has been the reëstablishment of the perspective of history and the consequent reappearance in its true light of the social value of mediaeval Christianity. Of course, it will take at least another generation before the haze of prejudices which still make the word mediaeval stand for darkness, can be generally dissipated. However, the challenging sentences of Babbitt must now be taken into account:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> We have been enlightened by the Christian experience above all and the great new principle it brought into the Occident, namely, the separation of the temporal and spiritual powers, and all the consequences that flow from this principle either directly or indirectly, especially the idea of individual liberty that ultimately rests on this distinction, and of which neither Aristotle nor Plato has any adequate conception. . . . All the ethical values of civilization have been associated with the fixed beliefs of religion. With their undermining by naturalism, the ethical values themselves are in danger of being swept away in the everlasting flux.

A fatal mistake was thus made in the transition from the middle-ages to the modern age. The naturalists failed to learn how to have standards after refusing to be immured in dogma. Consequently:

> It is hard to avoid concluding that we are living in a world that has gone wrong on first principles, a world that, in spite of all the warnings of the past, has allowed itself to be caught once more in the terrible naturalistic trap. The dissolution of civilization with which we are threatened on account of this is likely to be worse in some respects than that of Greece and Rome.

From all this it becomes easily clear that the so-called "modern age" is most egregiously misnamed, that the only philosophy that is modern is the Christian, and that so-called modern thought is but a conglomerate of pantheism and materialism, the poorer brands of the most ancient thought. It will evidently take our pseudoprogressives a long time to digest this. However the present widespread interest in humanism shows that there has been no little advance made since Babbitt set out some twenty years ago "to work out a point of view so truly modern that compared with it, that of our smart young radicals would seem antediluvian."

It should be at least clear that humanism, far from being opposed to religion or to historical Christianity, is its best ally "as far as it goes." That Babbitt himself recognizes that it only goes so far is ample proof that humanism, as he undertands it, has no pretensions to be a substitute for religion, as T. S. Eliot and G. K. Chesterton seemed to fear. In fact, Babbitt actually pleads for the coöperation of all genuinely religious men in his battle for civilization:

> The preference I have expressed for a positive and critical humanism I wish to be regarded as very tentative. In the dark situation that is growing up in the Occident, all genuine humanism and religion, whether on a traditional or a critical basis, should be welcome.

The combining of the two he recognizes as "one of the most obscure that the thinker has to face. The honest thinker, whatever his own preference, must begin by admitting that though religion can get along without humanism, humanism cannot get along without religion," because, as Burke pointed out, "the whole ethical life of man has its root in humility, as humility diminishes, conceit or vain imagining rushes in almost automatically to take its place." Consequently Babbitt admits that "the question remains whether the most crying need just now is for positive and ethical humanism or for positive and critical religion."

It is not too much to say, then, that Irving Babbitt himself conceives humanism as a half-way house on the road to the mountain top of the spiritual life. All he would claim for it is that, at least, it is far up from the plain of materialism

The Catholic, as George N. Shuster reminded him in his review of Humanism and America, may not be satisfied with it. Irving Babbitt evidently would not expect him to be. But, on the other hand, Babbitt deserves to have his claims for humanism fully brought out. They are modest enough in spite of the arrogance that has been attributed to him. He would "set out to be a good humanist, which means merely to be moderate and sensible and decent before attempting to be superhuman." Not good enough, the Christian will say, and of course he is right if man is much more than even the humanist makes him out to be, if a personal God is his end, and morality is in terms of that end, if, moreover, man is called to the supernatural life of grace even in this world. The Christian can certainly establish his moral standards much more easily than the humanist, but Christians, and Catholics in particular, must perforce recognize that such a conception of man rests on a faith which the very vagaries of pseudomodern thought that Babbitt so frequently denounces, have made very difficult of approach. Is it not already tremendous to have called us all, as Babbitt and More have done, to the half-way house of their humanism?

And then, too, it should be understood that this humanism is not the negative doctrine which some of its critics would make it out to be. "What is humanism ready to do for the world?" ask the Lippmans and the Edmund Wilsons. Well, Babbitt and More have answered that question hundreds of times. Humanism asks the individual to work upon himself that he may be ready to work for the world. It asks the artist to develop his self that he may do more than afflict the world with a worthless self-expression. It asks the reformer to reform himself before he attempts to reform others. It asks all to become acquainted with what has been done in the past before they try to do something new for the world, because otherwise they are in danger of giving the world ineptitudes long since experimented with and found wanting.

It is true humanism is made to look negative because it harps on the maxim "Nothing too much," because it calls for measure and proportion. But nothing too much, measure and proportion, the subordination of the parts to the whole, appropriateness, apply as well to a skyscraper as to a wrist watch, to the Divine Comedy as to a Shakespearean sonnet. The New York sky-line is proportionate to the gateway of a continent, the mediaeval cathedral is proportionate to the dynamism of the ages of faith. The humanists find nothing too much in Notre Dame of Paris even though they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most certainly would in a Gothic gasoline filling station.

Far from being negative, then, humanism "as far as it goes," to its own half-way house, is a call to effort, and to a much more strenuous effort indeed than is involved in the surrender to the mere expansiveness of the emotions or of the will to power.

Again the accusation comes: Humanism scorns whole provinces of human activity, science for instance. It must be admitted that Irving Babbitt often lays himself open needlessly to such accusations. It is unfortunate that he has harped so often on the "law for man" distinct from "the law for thing," even though they are distinct, because, as he has himself repeatedly stated, "no small part of human life itself comes under natural law." Even the behaviorist then can contribute something to our knowledge of man's activity. If he is an enemy of the law of the spirit, he can at least perhaps find out something about the laws of the members. As for science in general, it is only in so far as it pretends to the monopoly of truth that Babbitt opposes it as pseudoscience. Humanism, no more than religion, can be opposed to genuine science since the three are but so many means of recovering truth.

Let us note carefully that, although Babbitt often refers to Emerson, he recognizes that he finds the best expression of the dual quality of man's nature in the famous words of Saint Paul about the law of the spirit and the law of the members warring in the heart of man. Both spirit and members make up man. The submission of the members to the law of the spirit, the humanist holds as his primary task, but, in this, he is at one with the Christian. There is then no difference in kind between the humanist and the Christian even if there is one of degree. The "frein vital," the vital control of the humanist is not repressive but selective. As opposed to spiritual indolence, it is a constant striving to rise from a lower to a higher range of satisfactions up the slope of spirituality. As Babbitt puts it: "Humanistic mediation and religious meditation are after all only different stages in the same ascending path and should not be arbitrarily separated."

Still it is true that the poor humanist trudging upward on the slope of spirituality without a clear belief in the grace of God, and without the help of the sacraments, must look rather pitiful to the Catholic, and hard to distinguish from the Stoic. But Aristotle defined happiness itself as a kind of working, and in this kind of working which at least makes him into a man, the humanist may well find some consolation. Indeed we may say more. The higher will Babbitt finds in man as a primary datum of consciousness, being the power to distinguish, with the help of analytical reason, the abiding value in the flux of phenomena, the ethical and aesthetic truth in the midst of the manifold solicitations of the senses and emotions, does not only set man off from the rest of nature but points to the divine. In fact Babbitt has stated it categorically: "What is specifically human in man *and ultimately divine* is a certain quality of will that is felt in its relation to his ordinary self as a will to refrain."

Therein precisely the humanist sets himself off from both the stoic and the Epicurean who pridefully or carefully refrained from such excesses as would make them suffer. Theirs were truly negative doctrines. On the contrary, the humanist is both positive and humble: positive, because he would grow through more and more patiently worked for contact with the abiding; humble, because he feels that this abiding is ultimately part of the order of the universe and points to its Author. He is not only a man of will but a man of good-will, a man who seeks to make his will conformable with what religion calls the will of God. It should be evident then, how, from the half-way house of humanism it is easy and logical to ascend higher up the slope of spirituality. It is not surprising that several humanists have already done so, and in so doing it, might be added, they remained in the historical tradition of humanism. Sir Thomas More was both humanistic and saintly and even Rabelais makes Gargantua entreat his son to remember that "knowledge without conscience is but ruin of the soul and that this life is transitory, but that the word of God lives on eternally."

But even for those who thus realize that whatever truth there is in humanism is there because humanism itself is in the axis of religious truth, the half-way house of humanism may well remain or become a meeting place. The kingdom may not be of this world, but it is to be gained in this world, and we have been enjoined to pray: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Then too as Babbitt reminds us, the history of Christianity has often been defaced by unchristian excesses and humanism may be, and in fact has been, actually utilized to advantage by Christians and by the Catholic Church in particular. Unless I am mistaken, the teaching system of her religious orders, uniting as it does the study of the Latin and Greek classics to that of Christianity, aims, in part at least, to produce Christian humanists; in fact the Catholic college would seem to be the only institution left specially devoted to this task today, and the culture and mansuetude of many a Catholic prelate and humbler priest is most evidently humanistic as well as Christian.

At any rate, from the half-way house of humanism, we may at least gain the perspective of the disorder on the naturalistic plain below and make a beginning toward the restoration of order. The long inquiries of Babbitt and More enable us to evaluate objectively, by a wholly critical and experimental method, the fruits of the naturalistic level. It is for instance most easy to discern, in the light of humanistic criticism, that what the so-called advanced naturalistic writers of America are offering us today, under the guise of modernity, are but the warmed-over remnants of the French naturalism of a half-century ago which itself reached back ultimately to the materialism of the dawn of our occidental thought, so that our most advanced radicals are really as Babbitt averred, antediluvian.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Places and Persons*

# FROM A HOTEL WINDOW

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

MY ROOM is half-way up the cliff-side of the hotel Mesa, which stands at the intersection of two city canyons, a lesser and a greater, from which ascend at all hours the din of traffic: the periodical deep roar of the elevated, like the sound of many waters; the irritated squawk of the ram-you-damn-you auto; the pounding wheel and grinding brakes of the stop-and-go street car; the rattle of emptied ash cans and the clip-clip-clip of horses' hoofs in the early morning. At unpredictable times one hears the terrifying siren shriek and rushing roar of the fire wagons, the ominous, inarticulate cry of the hawker of extras, or the hoot of some steamer from the river —a short, frayed ribbon of shining silver beyond the weedy wilderness of roofs, water tanks and chimneys to the east.

Farther northward, where the buildings are so high as to conceal the river, its presence is still felt in the intricate steel work of the bridge which spans Blackwell's Island, out of which, early on summer mornings, the cloud-encircled sun struggles upward like some brilliant tropical bird escaping from a net. Directly opposite and near at hand rises the great brick wall of another hotel through whose glazed rectangles one gets so many momentary glimpses of the human comedy as to constitute, when pieced together in the mind, an epitome of the cellular life of this section of New York—novel- and newspaper-reading, bridge-playing, cocktail-imbibing, jazzing, kidding, little old New York.

Endlessly up the cross street dash the automobugs of Manhattan, looking indeed like shiny black beetles or yellow potato bugs; endlessly up and down the sidewalks on either side crawl the human flies of Manhattan, entering now and then this or that portal intent upon mysterious errands of which I sometimes wish I knew the secret, though probably even less exciting than the errand which takes so many men into that false-faced little corner drug store, the prescription room of which is a bar room where inferior liquor is dispensed at $.50 a glass. Out of the profits of this traffic the pseudodruggist has bought an apartment house.

But the life that goes on on the roofs interests me most. I like to watch the pigeons being exercised by a man who waves to and fro a piece of cloth on the end of a fishing pole; they seem directed by some group-soul, flying unchangeably in the same orbit, the white undersides of their myriad wings recurrently gleaming bright for a segment of their circuit, and then returning almost to invisibility again. On a nearer roof a Negro girl sometimes comes out with a well-filled basket and hangs out clothes whose clear whites, and pale shades of rose, pistache and lemon could not be rivaled by Georgia O'Keeffe. Workmen are always appearing from nowhere to string wires, to mend the roofs or to paint the pipes and water tanks; a lady in a fur coat daily airs her airedale; an old man in a cap and sweater tries unsuccessfully to fly a queer-shaped kite.

There are three pent houses to which my window is like a box at the opera: one is directly beneath, and the others just across the way. Of these, one is by far the grandest, the only one in the neighborhood with what you might call "class." To all appearances it is presided over by a butler and a maid, with doubtless a cook somewhere in the background. It has a real roof garden, "parva sed apta," showing the skilled touch of the professional florist given a free hand. The entire parapet is crowned with greenery, terminating at either end with vine-clad lattices one of which, continuing over the wall of the abutting pent house, forms the background for a handsome fountain. All summer long this little spot is a veritable oasis in an ocean of ugliness, but it is just then that it is most deserted. The florist's assistant, supervised by the butler, comes and goes; the maid, in neat cap and apron, throws open the French windows, and sometimes languidly shakes a rug, but of master or mistress I see never a sign. They are probably disporting themselves elsewhere, after the manner of their kind. But in winter, when the flower boxes are empty and all the foliage brown and sere, a man and woman whom I take to be the Adam and Eve of this particular garden sometimes show themselves on the terrace, lured thither by the clang of fire wagons in the street below or the droning of motors overhead.

The pent house adjoining this one—and against the sight of which the flower-clad lattice is a somewhat ineffective defense—has scarcely more of the atmosphere of a home for human beings than a gasoline filling station. Everything about it is bleak, tidy and efficient, from the green lattice arbor, leading from nowhere to nowhere, guiltless of a vine, to the yellow and red striped awning, which rolls up as it retreats, shop-window style. I am sure that the man and woman who live there are 100 percent Americans. They use their terrace very sensibly, like the deck of a ship: for air, for exercise, to read their New York Times of a Sunday morning, to view the panorama of roofs, brick cliffs, sky and river. I dramatize them as sitting listening to Dr. Cadman's council on a mechanically perfect radio set, reading Liberty and the Ladies' Home Journal by the light of a C2 "daylight" Mazda lamp,

LIBRARY
ST. CHARLES SEMINARY
CARTHAGENA, OHIO
DIGITIZED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

going to Roxy's or the Paramount on one particular night every week and playing bridge on another.

But it is pent house number three, the one just underneath my window which interests me most, which seems dramatic, since drama is the leading up to and recession from some crisis. This pent house has passed through phases as the others have not: it has "gelebt und geliebt." Of all the three it is the smallest and least pretentious, just a plain stuccoed parallelopipedon facing a tile-paved terrace protected by a straight brick parapet.

Its sad little romance began on that day when it became a "love nest" for an attractive young couple who made it live with a new life. They lined the parapet with flower boxes, they planted seeds and bulbs, they tended and watered their bijou garden, she using a gay-colored watering pot and he a small, brass-nozzled hose. They laid down a rug, put up an awning, and established thereunder wicker chairs with gay-colored cushions where he would sit and smoke and read his paper while she hovered about in adorable garments which in my time would have been considered "meet only for feminine eyes."

Sometimes there were visitors, when the sound of the gramophone and the rattle of the cocktail-shaker would be added to the other noises of the summer night. I remember one evening in particular when, looking down, I saw the terrace gay with Japanese lanterns. My love birds were giving a party and I was kept long awake by the drone of jazz, the rhythmic shuffle of dancing feet, the hum of talk, the shrill note of feminine laughter.

This party appears to have been the high water mark of their happiness together, for the next morning they had a quarrel about something or other. "If that's the way you feel about me, it may as well begin now," were the final words I heard him fling at her, and he went away without kissing her goodby. After that they came less and less upon the terrace, and usually not together: he would come out alone in his shirt sleeves long enough to smoke a cigarette, gloomily, and sometimes after he had gone she would stand and gaze down abstractedly into the street, looking not nearly as pretty as she used to, and never, as she used, humming a song. Neither of them seemed to care any more about their gardening, and the place gradually took on a neglected air: the watering pot had lost its sprinkler nozzle and stood in the corner by the hose, which was never uncoiled; soot had dingied the rug and the cushions, the awning had holes in it burned by the lighted cigarette stubs flung from the hotel windows high above.

Then followed a period when I never saw these people, and I concluded that they had moved away. The rug and chairs had disappeared, all the greenery had died and turned to dirty brown, the awning had at last gone up in flames and its remnants hung in tatters faintly stirred by the wind. This ruin and decay were so much worse than the place's pristine bareness that I did not like to look at it, and so one morning when the air had a breath of winter, I shut my window and averted my mind as one sometimes does after a sad play. Like Browning, hearing Galluppi's ghostly music, I felt "chilly and grown old."

# PEACE OR WAR IN THE EAST?

By JOHN CARTER

THE world's greatest poker game is being played today. The table is eastern Asia and the chips are bills of lading and invoices. The cards are the 700,000,000 people of eastern and southern Asia. If China's 400,000,000 more or less were to add a cent per capita per day, not counting holidays, to their foreign purchases, it would add $1,250,000,000 a year to China's imports. If India with her 320,000,000 souls were to do foreign trade on a scale comparable to that of the United States—which is by no means dependent on trade in the sense that the united kingdom is dependent—India's foreign trade would amount to $25,000,000,000 a year. Even the comparatively small and backward Philippine archipelago, under American economic guidance has a foreign trade worth over $250,000,000 a year; Japan's 70,000,000 do upward of $2,000,000,000 worth of trade a year; the Dutch East Indies close to $1,000,000,000; little Siam, $200,000,000; while British Malaya does nearly $1,000,000,000 more. Ceylon, China, India, the Dutch East Indies, Japan, British Malaya and the Philippines together import goods worth $4,000,000,000 a year and export goods worth $4,328,000,000. In brief, here is a market whose surface has been barely scratched and which is already as important, in terms of world trade, as that of the United States. What wonder the thinkers of our "forward" naval school are urging us to turn our backs on Europe and to cultivate the Pacific?

Fortunately the Pacific-ists are not alone in realizing the possibilities of eastern Asia as a market for wares and a source of raw materials. Every major nation in the world is rolling its eyes with commercial greed toward the imperialistic district. For the western Pacific region is the last surviving stronghold of nineteenth-century imperialism. We are still struggling bravely along beneath the white man's burden of the Philippines; the India of Rudyard Kipling is still eyeing the Khyber Pass and looking with dispassionate curiosity at a man named Gandhi; the Japanese are still in fruitful possession of Korea and Manchuria; the Open Door is still an issue in China; the Dutch still

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do very nicely in the East Indies; the French still fly the tricolor in Indo-China; and the red bear walks like a commissar on the marshes of Mongolia.

It is fortunate for us that this is the case; otherwise, the temptation to economic aggression would be uncomfortably powerful. As it is, where we find other nations in physical possession, we must evolve a set of political principles which will not involve a direct challenge to the status quo. We must find some means of reconciling our instinctive sympathy for self-determinant nationalism with a political dispensation which, though apparently opposed to our predilections, rests upon a highly complex racial and social situation. A handful of English and Dutch traders and officials, for example, did not conquer the millions of Hindus and Japanese simply because the Asiatics were incompetent. Their conquest was historically necessary, in the sense that if they had not obtained sovereign power someone else would have done so.

The world will not easily forget the fate of those who assumed that the Japanese were equally easy prey to European military intervention. Nor is it entirely fair to condemn the West for its "unequal" relations with China, without taking into account that "poor little China" is an immense country with the largest population of any nation in the world. In other words, it takes two to make an empire. Empire does not always reflect simple superior brutality. We have been so apt to condemn foreign imperialism that we have failed to recognize that empire has been a means of securing tolerable conditions for myriads of human beings who otherwise would have continued to struggle miserably in a mire of political incompetence, economic disorder and social iniquity. We may grant that the imperialistic nations collect their fees in the shape of economic or commercial advantage; that is not to argue that their "victims" are worse off in consequence.

What has the Orient to offer us? China and Japan between them have a fifth of the world's population. They produce nearly half of the world's rice; over a third of the world's tea; nine-tenths of the world's raw silk; nearly a third of the world's copra. They possess or produce far less than their share of minerals and of fuel, and they are industrially backward. Rare metals, such as tin, antimony and tungsten; valuable vegetable products like jute, rubber and camphor; commercial enterprises, such as the Japanese fishing industry and the Chinese trading communities of Malaya: these indicate the special economic qualities of the far East. However, the world's primary interest in eastern Asia is its potential capacity for consumption. Nowhere else is there such an agglomeration of possible customers.

Moreover, knowledge of the Orient is the beginning of political wisdom. It is, very largely, the possession of the Indian empire which has turned the united kingdom from a European principality into the world's greatest sea power. Without the political training which India has given Great Britain, it would have been difficult for the British to have evolved a school of statesmanship superior to the Georgian stupidities of Lord North. Possession of the East Indies has enabled Holland to survive eclipse as a world power and to remain the most economically stable of European countries. Possession of the Philippines enabled the United States to enunciate the policy of the Open Door as the second basic American foreign policy. Japan's political commitments in Manchuria and Korea have enabled the island empire to bridge in a single generation the gap between the middle-ages and the present. The greatest single commodity which we can acquire in eastern Asia is experience.

It is for this reason that our administration of the Philippines is a touchstone in our foreign policy. It has compelled us to think intelligently on the subject of sea power, to study the points of view of races alien to ours, to learn that good intentions are no substitute for a practical sense of responsibility. Commercially, the Islands are almost an embarrassment to us. Their sugar and palm products have already aroused the economic antagonism of the American farmer. Their trade, profitable though it is to certain commercial circles, does not begin to repay the cost of conquest, defense and administration. Our political theorists are constantly disturbed by the constitutional questions raised by insular spokesmen and advocates of independence. Nevertheless the Islands are our jumping-off place for the Asiatic mainland, they are teaching us to respect and appreciate the achievements of the British and the Dutch, and they are giving us an invaluable training in oriental psychology.

That the lesson is bearing fruit in the form of more intimate economic relationships between America and Asia is obvious. Japan which twenty years ago was the bugaboo of our naval alarmists is today one of our best customers. More important still we are the best customer of the Japanese. So long as Japan must live by trade, it can hardly ignore the fact that the United States purchases nearly one-half of all Japanese exports, or that we are the source of more than a quarter of their imports. If there is anything to the argument that trade precludes war—and there is—the Japanese-American trade of $700,000,000 a year is a potent force for peace in the Pacific.

So it goes. Before the war we supplied 6 percent of China's imports; todays it is 16 percent; before the war we purchased 9 percent of China's exports; now it is close to 14 percent. In 1913, we took a third of Philippine exports; in 1927, we took three-fourths. We buy close to a quarter of all that Ceylon has to sell, nearly 45 percent of the exports of British Malaya, 15 percent of the exports of the Dutch East Indies and 11 percent of Indian exports. In fifteen years we have tripled our share of Ceylon's imports and have more than tripled our share of the imports of the Indies. We have doubled our share of the imports of British Malaya and of India, and we now supply over half of all Philippine imports. Before the war, we bought

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

29 percent of Japanese exports; today it is over 40 percent; before the war we suplied 16 percent of Japanese imports; today we supply over 25 percent. In other words, we are obtaining a constantly increasing share of the constantly expanding markets of the far East.

Once again, it is important to remember that statistics are not the best guide to the future. Our economic influence in the far East may be preponderant in another generation, or it may be negligible. The result will depend upon the wisdom and success of our political policy, which may be overborne by other policies. Events themselves may decide against us. All Asia is being shaken with nationalism. Gandhi in India may be a false dawn and the Nanking experiment may not be the last word in China's regeneration, but it is obvious that the old imperialistic formulae are undergoing modification.

England, which has $4,000,000,000 worth of investments tied up in India, is seriously considering conferring dominion status upon the peninsula. In the meantime, India is erecting a protective tariff against British cotton goods. Japan, Great Britain and the United States are working progressively for the surrender of special privileges in China, following the lead of Russia and Germany. Work on the Singapore base proceeds and proposals to demilitarize the Philippines died aborning at London. Russia is pushing railroads into the heart of central Asia, is opening commercial agencies in north China and will, in a few years, find herself with the industrial equipment to compete economically with the capitalistic powers in the Orient, unless the five-year plan goes hopelessly awry. Russian eyes are watching with close and sympathetic interest the nationalistic agitation in India, Java, the Philippines and China. Moscow may have burned the fingers of the Third Internationale in the abortive Red movement which started at Canton five years ago, but Moscow is as capable of learning by experience as is any other world capital, and present developments in pan-Asiatic movements and in Asiatic nationalism indicate that the Soviet government has learned to leave well enough alone.

It is in China that the game is being played most strenuously today. China's reawakening is incoherent, spasmodic and not entirely effective, but the Chinese people are remaking the map of Asia. Chinese immigrants are today dominating the economic life of Manchuria so completely that in another decade the stake for which Russia and Japan have striven for thirty years as an outlet for their peoples, will be a Chinese province. Chinese merchants are dominating the trade of British Malaya and the Dutch East Indies and are spreading south into the Pacific. Extraterritoriality is being surrendered and as the civil war progresses Chinese armies are becoming more efficient in training and equipment, more formidable from a military point of view, while Chinese diplomacy is showing itself more and more resistant.

To say that Asia stands at the cross-roads today is a truism. We are apt to forget that it also means that we stand at the cross-roads. If we take the wrong turning we may miss our political destiny. We can discover the right course only by experience and patience. The rewards of such success may well be immense.

The trade of the most densely settled continent is worth having. We took the right course with Japan and today we find that the trade which once came to us through London, now comes to us direct and that we are accordingly able to make of that trade a bulwark of prosperous and peaceful power in eastern Asia. We are feeling our way in China. What may happen to India and the Indies is beyond computation and no business of ours, but what we do with the Philippines may well determine our entire economic position as a world power To what extent we may find our progress helped or hindered by the competition of European nations and by the rivalry of Soviet Russia with the capitalistic world is also beyond our power to anticipate.

Hitherto our commercial relations with Asia have been comparatively simple. We opened Japan and Korea to the world, to see the first drift for a while into an attitude of rivalry and the second absorbed by the first; we benefited by the direct British action in China and have ever since been accused of "crawling behind British guns." We won the Philippines in our war with Spain and have not been able to make up our minds what to do with them ever since. We have sponsored the Open Door as a theory and we do not confer it in the Philippines nor do we enjoy it in European possessions. We set out in 1916 to build a navy capable of defending our commercial intercourse with Asia, and we have been uneasy about it ever since. And we are sitting in on a game in which the other players are both our best customers and our most resolute competitors. Every year the value of the Asiatic jackpot increases. The result is to make one ponder whether solitaire is the best of training for an international poker game in which a stripped deck, deuces wild and table stakes are the rule.

## *Sea Tryst*

Now that the mist is in, and no wind blows,
And all of the world is a great grey silence, sleeping,
I must go down to the place my lone heart knows
And set my thoughts again to an old tryst's keeping.

I must go back to the hearthstone of the sea,
Now that the fires of quietness are flaming,
Letting the fog and the darkness cradle me
Close in an old content, too deep for naming.

This is the promise I made the child-that-was—
Surcease and tryst when life is a beggar, crying—
Surcease and tryst and the sweet familiar laws
Of peace and a mist-hung shore and the dim gulls' circled flying.

SIDDIE JOE JOHNSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# PSYCHING THE BABY TO SLEEP

By FRANK WHALEN

LONG before Emerson advised the budding genius to "hitch his wagon to a star," it had been the custom of second-rate men to promote themselves to the first rank by hitching their wagons to other people's stars. Just this method is used by Dr. John B. Watson, the founder of behaviorism, in bringing his dogmas home to the parents of America. I have tried to trace in two previous articles in The Commonweal (The Metaphysical Behaviorist, which appeared November 6, 1929, and The Glorified Amoeba, in the issue of January 1, 1930) the attempts of Watson to put across the doctrine which would attribute to all human conduct only physical, mechanical causes. This theory met with little applause from the scientists, and Watson soon saw that his public would have to be a far less critical stratum of humanity. Hence he turned to the compilation of a "practical household manual" which would find a place on every family bookshelf and lighten the task of mothers from California to Maine. He entered, in short, the national advertising field.

Now every publisher and theatrical producer knows that one way to make a best-seller is to tie a production up with a previous success. Dr. Watson, therefore, (having taken for himself the motto of Danton—"Toujours l'audace!") announced that his book, Psychological Care of Infant and Child, was intended as a companion-piece to Dr. Emmet Holt's Care and Feeding of Children. Modestly he confessed in the introduction that the book was "not as complete on the psychological side as Dr. Holt's is on the care of the body," but, he added, "thousands of mothers have found in Dr. Holt something as valuable as the Bible. The twenty-eight editions of this work abundantly prove this." One gathers that Dr. Watson would be satisfied with twenty editions for his book—and Dr. Holt is no longer here to tell what he thinks of his new partner.

Since this book is the full flower of the Watsonian doctrines—a final application of the behavioristic viewpoint and methods to everyday life—we must not ignore it in our examination of behaviorism. It is an ingratiating mixture of the age-old maxims of family life with the startling conclusions of the vicious philosophy which underlies Watson's system; so much so that it would be easy to make a tabular analysis of the book under the two heads, Old-True, and New-False, without doing appreciable violence to scientific truth. This paper will endeavor to disentangle the old from the new and in addition will present some further criticisms of Watson's work and of his methods of presenting it to the public.

The author found it expedient (if the character of the book as a complement to Dr. Holt's nursery classic were to be maintained) to scatter throughout the book a great many physiological precepts that are now commonplaces in the American home. Most mothers know that "seven o'clock at night is a good bedtime for the ages two—five years," but the knowledge does not save the situation when the parent drops exhausted about that time, while the infants go on carousing far into the night It is also common knowledge that

> many hospitals and pediatricians advocate for [rubbing] children under two months of age the use of a first-grade olive oil or mineral oil with no powder.

Such maxims as these give the unwary reader the impression that here is a standard and trustworthy manual.

When Watson goes on to treat of children's fears and tantrums we meet many another familiar landmark. It is well known that the world—especially the prosperous American world—is full of spoiled children, and that fears instilled into small children are deep rooted. It hardly needed an elaborate piece of "research" carried out at the Hecksher Foundation to discover that the situations most provocative of temper in small children are:

> (1) having to sit on the toilet chair; (2) having property snatched away by some other child; (3) having the face washed; (4) working at something that won't pan out; (5) being dressed; (6) being undressed; (7) being bathed.

These learned discoveries sound all too much like the ponderous inanities of a doctor's dissertation.

There is a great deal of sound sense, however, in the warnings against training children in "nest habits" that will make them utterly dependent on the parent, unfitted to play their parts as individuals later on, when their parents are no longer with them, and sending hundreds of them to neurotic graves. Dr. Watson takes the cases, well known to clergymen and physicians, of the father who makes all his son's decisions for him, tyrannizes over him, and leaves him at the mercy of stronger characters in business and the home all his life; or the mother who dances attendance on her daughter, builds up a lovely, unreal world about her, and eventually sends her, when she encounters reality much too late and discovers that a husband is not a parent, to the divorce court or the asylum. There is nothing new in such cases, but the more parents ponder them, the better.

So far, so good. When we read the discussions of "the love life of the child at birth," however, we find ourselves quite on the other side of the fence. Here Watson explains "how love grows up" and "the mechanics of love and affection" Laboratory studies satisfy the behaviorist that he can "bring out a love

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

response in a new-born child" by stroking its skin. There grow up certain "erogenous zones" (as he calls them elsewhere). Here we have no facts at all—merely the serene assumption that the observable responses of infants to caresses are identical with adult love—that "zones" are made "erogenous" by calling them so. We might as easily assume that the infant whose thumb misses his mouth and catches on his nose is seriously thumbing his nose at us!

Watson is indeed driven to this naive explanation by the compulsion of his mechanistic doctrine, and he follows the "behavior history" right through adolescence, adulthood and marriage in the same strain. The climax comes in chapter six, entitled What Shall I Tell My Child About Sex? After the usual prelude concerning the ways in which children learn about sex, and the inability of parents to better the instruction, Dr. Watson launches *his* method. It is, as we might expect, entirely naturalistic; Dr. Holt (having served his purpose) is left far behind, and Watson now follows the doctrines of such renowned and excellent pediatricians as Messrs. Heywood Broun and Horace Liveright.

As a sample, he presents the report of a mother who has used the method on her son from his second to his fifth year. In his second year, the boy participates in curious anatomical researches, the mother keeping his interest up when it tends to lag. When he is three his mother takes him gently but firmly through a book on the subject and further adds to his physiological knowledge, whipping up his interest to the point where his learning becomes, to say the least, extensive and explosive.

Disappointment comes to the mother when the child, at the age of four years and ten months, hears a fairy story for the first time and is inclined to believe it. But mother is determined and starts him reminiscing: a few intensive review lessons soon bring him back to "objective reality." The marvel of it is that neither the mother who wrote the report nor Watson who printed it had sense enough to see that it was a complete laboratory demonstration of the building up of a morbid interest in sex—a positive disproportion far more serious than the ignorance it sought to remove.

The grown reader is so flabbergasted at the naïveté of this narrative that he passes over in breathless silence the analogy (at the end of the chapter) between the experiments of a Professor Moss on rats and the conduct of civilized human beings. "In the light of this little lesson in biology," says Dr. Watson (the lesson concerns the attraction of female rats for male rats) "isn't it ridiculous for a mother to think that her girls are not interested in boys?"

So revolting is this doctrine that even the most naturalistic philosophers shrink from it. Bertrand Russell whose educational philosophy is based on the prevention of fear—who himself fears neither God, man nor devil, but only Mrs. Bertrand—is led to say concerning it, "I am afraid." Discussing the book, he continues in the same vein:

> I am afraid that in boys brought up on Doctor Watson's principles the sex instinct would be stark, harsh and ruthless, and that both young men and young women would be incapable of physical companionship extending beyond the moments of passion.

It would be quite unfair, however, to assume from the above quotation that Mr. Russell is entirely against the book. Elsewhere in the same review his admiration for Watson's naturalism leads him to forget the lucid interval that gave birth to the sentence quoted and to say,

> Whether or not Doctor Watson is right in all his details, his book has undoubtedly one very great and rare merit, and that is that its approach to the problem is scientific.

No conclusion could be more false. Watson approaches his practical method by way of a mass of the wildest exaggerations, often contradictory, together with every appeal to ignorance, emotion and prejudice known to the street-corner orator or the advertising expert. Bertrand Russell should have been mathematician enough to recognize that this one book alone flouts the laws of logic sufficiently to damn its author as a scientist.

To begin with, the book is "dedicated to the first mother who brings up a happy child." Undoubtedly this is an unwarranted generalization from Watson's own experience and an unfortunate indictment of Watson père and Watson mère. The good doctor apparently does not know that not every family has been Dreiserian.

A second assumption is even more revolutionary, Dr. Watson says (and here we might pause to ask how a behaviorist can have a serious question in his mind, since he admits no consciousness)

> It is a serious question in my mind whether there should be individual homes for children—or even whether children should know their own parents. There are undoubtedly much more scientific ways of bringing up children which will probably mean finer and happier children.

"Undoubtedly" and "probably" are pretty shaky props for the purely objective scientist.

The common experience of any grown person will suffice to refute many another hasty generalization. Watson tells us that when he asks anybody how he slept last night, "almost invariably, if I am a person he does not have to keep up a front around, I get the answer, 'Not very well.'" On this he bases the conclusion that parents, as a general rule, make invalids of their children. "You can see invalidism in the making," he says, "in the majority of American homes." The following, on the same point, though it contains the words "fact" and "proof" is another sample of Watson's impressionistic scientific method:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> The fact I brought out before, that we rarely see a happy child, is proof to the contrary [of the statement that the mother implants affection in the child]. The fact that our children are always crying and always whining shows the unhappy, unwholesome state they are in.

Truly a sentiment which is more spinsterish than scientific.

In his attempts to prescribe an "objective" attitude toward children Watson becomes highly romantic. "Treat them," he says, "as if they were young adults" —the rankest psychological heresy. "If you must," he goes on, "kiss them once on the forehead when they say good night. Shake hands with them in the morning." Apparently little Jimmy—little Rollo, rather—is expected to say, "Charmed, I'm sure," when mother tells him to get up.

On every page there is evidence of Doctor Watson's lack of objective attitude, and even more evidence of another quality unseemly in a true scientist—pose. He sees the whole world watching his every word. Once, he tells us, he let slip in a lecture some of his ideas on the dangers lurking in a mother's kiss. "Immediately, thousands of newspapers wrote scathing editorials on 'Don't kiss the baby.' Hundreds of letters poured in." Here, as elsewhere, he avails himself of the old oratorical trick of mentioning accusations against himself, with the notion that the very mention constitutes proof of their falsity. "Advanced" mothers complain that "the behaviorists are on the right track but they go too far." Dear old ladies say to him, "Thank God, my children are grown and that I had a chance to enjoy them before I met you!" The penny dreadful, the tuppenny blood and the shilling shocker, all for the price of one volume.

Thus, while he sets himself up as an impersonal scientist, prefacing his book with two full pages of acknowledgments to everyone from Dr. Adolf Meyer of Johns Hopkins down to the editors of McCall's Magazine, Watson is also the misunderstood pioneer, the martyr of progress. Once or twice he forgets himself, as when he says that "the behaviorist does not know enough today to do a thoroughly satisfactory job," and when he admits that "just ordinary common sense—this helps us to prevent fears in the home." But for the rest of the book he holds the pose very well, which is a man-sized job for anybody, even a behaviorist.

After all, theories aside, while there is always a lazy tendency in humanity to let itself down to a lower level, while the doctrine of "be a good animal" always finds ready listeners, it is difficult for the normal adult to relinquish his intelligence indefinitely; even the soldiers in the trenches, trying to keep themselves in the vegetable kingdom most of the time occasionally had disturbing thoughts, if we are to believe the war books and plays.

There is then hope that the course of behaviorism will be short, and that the book we have been considering will hasten its end. The philosophy it sponsors is more dangerous than the experiments it proposes. As the eminent endocrinologist, Dr. Louis Berman, says, behaviorism is not a science, it is a religion. As such it will hardly survive the scrutiny of the twentieth century. Norman Foerster sums up the situation very well in The American Scholar, which was recently published:

> Every age of history has its special faith, and the special faith of ours is the dogmatic dream of science. For it is a matter of faith. It is a faith born of science, not a philosophic valuation ab extra, that tells us that the whole of reality is mechanical, that the one key to experience is science. It is a faith that causes us to extend to the whole of experience a method unquestionably suited to a part. Intoxicated with the achievements of science—and indeed our age has few other achievements to boast of—countless people not only accept such truth as science can legitimately offer, but also follow the prophets to whom reality and scientific reality are one and the same. Recently, however, certain scientists have doubted some of their safest and most cherished conceptions, and for a whole decade more and more laymen have slipped into pure scepticism, which may be defined as the denial of the possibility of valid knowledge. Having questioned whether there is any truth save that of science, they have naturally taken the final step of questioning whether there is any truth at all. Perhaps they have forgotten that the logical deduction from this sceptical dogma, as the ancient Plato and the modern Anatole France have shown, is simply silence, a refusal to make affirmations on any subject, which is more than human nature can endure. . . . Obviously, mankind will never for long be sincerely faithful to scepticism.

We may expect, then, that behaviorism will remain only as an interesting museum piece, a vestige of nineteenth-century mechanism, of the philosophy of the Victorian generation that knew not Eddington.

## *After Music*

Once in that interminable quest
Of echo after last arpeggios,
You put the harp's gold from your warming breast
And showed how things have endings, and love goes.
Fluxed in the amber quiet of the place,
You sat with upturned hands, and very still;
Blind to the sunset on your wistful face
And deaf to the last echo's amber thrill.
But need you've shown with such finality
How things are ended, and thus ended, go?
Was it less than enough that poignantly,
There in the expunging dusk, you made one know
How amber-still is quietness; how much
Is done when fingers quit the taughtened strings
Of life, perhaps, nor ever move to touch
Their eagerness again; the end of things—
This ambered stillness after amber sound?
With harp put back, you wait when hope is dead,
More still than lilies on quiet ground—
Your hands unmoving, and with lowered head.

JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# DUST

By SISTER MARY OF THE VISITATION

THIS morning's mail brings a packet of cards post marked Gulmarg, June 21; views of Himalayan passes, white peaks looking down on rope-bridges spanning mountain torrents that cut their way through sombre gorges—the road to Leh, Ladak. A pencil note on one card of a rugged, awe-inspiring steep reads: "Where I'll bivouac July 23, Sunmarg, Kashmir." July 23—that was yesterday, my fourth day in retreat.

For some hours each day I am doing light tasks, stringing seed pearls for a precious embroidery to go in the tabernacle, or weeding the garden walks or sweeping the porch—gathering thoughts, as Abbé Dimnet would approve. During this time workmen are busy in our old music hall, washing the walls preparatory to painting them. A carpenter has hinged the lunettes above two of the stage windows opening on the second porch. Those two and the fanlight above the great front door made movable will give a better upper ventilation when the hall is used for sports. As the walls are being washed inside (the workmen leave at half-past four) it seems well for me to wash those two semicircular windows within my reach. They have been sealed for many a year, inaccessible behind screwed-down, green-slatted shutters; it is time they were washed indeed! I have half an hour before supper; the rest of the nuns are in the choir, and I can do it quietly. I get an old whiskbroom and some clean cloths from a nearby cupboard, fill a couple of white, enameled basins with warm water and begin.

I glance at the nearest shutter before unbolting it, and decide to brush off the light dust before washing the window itself. A complacent stroke of the brush; mercy, what a cloud of dust! It did not look so bad before I touched it. I go at it vigorously; it is lucky the wind blows from me, otherwise I should not be fit to go to the refectory. I brush the outside of the shutter and then the inside; the air is brown with dust. There seems to be just as much of it each time the brush passes by, no matter how often the movement is repeated. My wrists are tired; still the fine dust is flying. At this rate supper-time will be here and the window itself not touched—and I was to have washed two. I must try other tactics.

A good piece of cloth goes into a basin of water and is applied dripping to the top of the shutter; what a pretty dark green shows up where the wood is wet. Not looking at the cloth I dip it again into the basin; a murky black comes from it, instantly clouding the clear, pure water; amazing that just a little dust, not even apparent without close examination, should look like that! But three such dips and the water is pitchy black. The other basin, quick, and let us have done. I go at it again and again; back and forth I trot emptying and refilling the basins, washing and rewashing with growing disgust the same grimy green slats, always dripping with brown nastiness, never for all my work seeming the cleaner. I must stop now; I have spent half an hour washing half the shutter. I can return after supper and finish the rest, and the window too—perhaps. The second window no longer impinges on my consciousness; I am concentrating.

After supper, better equipped with a big gingham apron, more cloths and a scrubbing brush, again I seek the lunette. I may as well make perfectly sure that the first part is entirely clean before I proceed to the other half. As if that thirty minutes' work had never been done the water is darkened once more at the first touch of the rinsed cloth. There remains patience—a dogged, determined dipping and scrubbing and wiping and carrying water. Still over the deep green comes that revolting brown ooze, the dust of decades quietly defying my repugnant efforts. My arms ache, my heart works a bit uncertainly; I am very conscious that I am no longer young. The minutes slip away into an hour or more when the Angelus announcing the closing in of twilight bids me pause. My task is still unfinished. I must leave it so; perhaps tomorrow I may see it through.

That night as I lie long hours awake, Jesus-Hostia speaks clearly through the single wall that separates my cell from the sanctuary. He opens my eyes and shows me many things through the darkness. I recall many more things I have heard and read about venial sin—how it disfigures the soul as dust begrimes and disfigures the face. I have read, too, what the saints say of imperfections; that except being sin-stained, the worst thing that can befall a soul is to be devoid of virtues.

Yet—a little dust—what does it amount to? Nothing remotely suggesting the real offensiveness of decay or disease. Imperfection—the lack of perfection, perfection being pure whiteness—the sum of rainbow splendor. A little dust ignored, let be through the passage of years; then a partial enlightenment, a glance of attention, an effort toward removing the little unsightliness. Then follows swift the realization of reeking, interminable murkiness, persisting, triumphing over purifying waters, earnest labor, advancing twilight.

One whom I love bivouacked last night in a pass in the Himalayas. For years she had read of the far-off shimmering peaks and their shadowy slopes, and now she was seeing them in the starlight.

Yesterday afternoon our Holy Father, Saint Francis de Sales, quoted to me, "Blessed are the undefiled in the way who walk in the law of the Lord." Last night I was given to see a little of what that must mean to the angels. I have a new understanding of whiteness, and I know a little better what it means to be made of dust.

## *Wings*

A buzzard that hangs
In the clean heavens
Watching the earth for carrion.
Thunderbirds at evening
Loping down the sky
Where the red west turns yellow,
Then green, then grey,
Then takes those great wings into its darkness.
Bats in black orchards,
Rushing and circling till morning.
A loon, that stops for a long moment
In the moon.

Sometimes, out of my very heart
I see something like the naked, red head of a buzzard,
Stretched, hungry for unworthy things.
And the wings of my whitest dreams
Are ribbed, underneath, like those of a bat.
And myself is an ugly thing
Often obscuring the pale light
That I live by.

I have no right to wonder
That God has given wings
To such ignoble things.

LEO R. WARD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# COMMUNICATIONS

## NEO-PAGANISM

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor:—No doubt, Mr. Harvey Wickham recalls that Dr. George Santayana, of whom he has written, remarked to his class at Harvard, "Gentlemen, it is April," departed, and was seen no more. It is now just past April, and I feel like Professor Santayana. Down in my cellar are several hundred gladioli bulbs, which give evidence that spring is come; and scattered around are innumerable seedlings, which ache for transplanting. It is past time that I composed a symphony on my spading fork.

For this is a time for gardening, not writing letters. Yet Mr. Wickham has been so kind in answering all my questions and in telling me all that is wrong with this "cocci-ed" world, that I should feel guilty and ungracious, indeed, were I not to respond to his last attempt to be of assistance to me.

Gardeners are essentially simple people, which is probably why I suggested that I was not afraid of the pagan two-thirds of the human race. My correspndent thinks I "boasted," but I hope, on second thought, that he will forgive the boasting on grounds of my innocence.

Still, I cannot yet find any grounds for hysteria. Where he is articulate at all, the neo-pagan in America has limited himself to moral suasion. One can agree with his theories or not, as one pleases. When he starts to emulate my Puritan brothers and write his notions into our laws, I shall begin my shuddering. Meanwhile, so long as the pagan grants me the privilege of endeavoring to convert him, I do not see why I should not reciprocate. Sportsmanship is especially lacking, but especially needed, in matters relating to two of mankind's primary concerns: politics and religion.

Mr. Wickham evidently does not realize that I have been defending him for, if Mr. Michael Williams is correct, Mr. Wickham is a pagan. Said the editor of The Commonweal on April 30, 1930, "He [Mr. Wickham] lives in Rome . . . not a member of the Catholic Church, in fact so far as I know, he is still, as ever, personally detached from all organizations. . . ." Now a pagan, as defined by Webster, is one who is neither a Christian, a Mohammedan, nor a Jew; and, as defined by Catholics, less kindly than Mr. Williams, is one who is not a Christian. Mr. Wickham will hardly agree with these definitions, but they are of record, nevertheless.

It is unfortunate that my kindly correspondent misunderstood my statement that a "Protestant is a faithless Catholic." I was merely adverting to the genesis of Protestantism, and that anyone would think I spoke other than historically did not occur to me.

Mr. Wickham believes that the religious person seldom is amiable, but I cannot agree. It has been my experience that amiability and a deeply religious nature go hand in hand. Irascibility seems to be confined to those who are, consciously or unconsciously, unsure of the correctness of their position. Irritability and an inferiority complex are blood brothers.

Mr. Wickham has answered my quotation from Sir Bertrand Russell's A Free Man's Worship with an excerpt from Marriage and Morals. I think, however, that the first represents the essential Russell, while the second is simply Sir Bertrand married to Miss Thesis, a young lady who has raised considerable havoc with some of our best minds. I hope that Mr. Wickham does not play with the Thesis sisters.

Mr. Wickham speaks of "Michael Bakunin . . . the high priest of anarchy [who] helped to make possible . . . Soviet Russia." I submit humbly that the anarchist may have had, as helpmeets, sadistically inclined czars and lecherously inclined Rasputins. It is true enough that these were sorry representatives of the Christianity they professed, but Bakunin may be as equally a sorry example of paganism.

Mr. Wickham infers that the business ethics of the pagan business man are different than those of his Christian contemporaries. I presume to doubt it. He warns me against taking a pagan's stock-market tip. He will be amused, I am sure, to learn that my last stock market tip came from a good Catholic, and (in the manner of speaking) I lost my shirt. Possibly a second tip from the same source would result in the loss of the rest of my apparel, in which event I should become M. Rousseau's l'homme naturel, thereby incurring the displeasure of Mr. Wickham.

Nor was the market tip given me on the golf course, for, while it may be clear to Mr. Wickham that I play golf, it is not so clear to me. Such wisdom as I may have is hardly derived from the golf-club locker-room or from philosophical or legal studies, which are some years behind me. It probably sounds quite naive to Mr. Wickham, since it stems from Gilbert White, Richard Jefferies, Alexander Smith and other such simple fellows.

But enough: I leave the field to Mr. Wickham, for the gladioli are calling me.

DONALD POWELL.

## AN ENFORCEMENT EVIL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Since the decision by Congress on the authority of the executive proposal has resulted in placing in the Department of Justice the enforcing of the Volstead Act, the writer, being only a neophyte in both politics and economics, begs the leniency of the reader until a few inquisitions are put before him.

If this transfer of authority continues, the Department of Justice will have control, apprehension and discovery of all violators of the Volstead Act, also the preparation of the cases and the paroling of the convicted.

Now because of the weight every President gives to the Department of Justice's opinions on proposed appointees to the federal bench before which these cases are tried, the Department will hold a powerful, if indirect, influence on the procedure and sentence, the discovery, securing of evidence against and apprehension of law violators, whose very acts a large portion of our citizens hold venial. These will naturally be accomplished by means of agents, provacateurs, stool pigeons and spies. Any man consenting to act in concert with this scum of mankind would necessarily be of a lower type than should control the immense power of government as prosecutor.

If the government prosecutors are vitally interested in the apprehension of criminals, their function (if they are fair-minded, legal employees of the public, as equally concerned in eliminating cases obviously unjust to the accused as in securing evidence, conviction and punishment) would be destroyed especially by hampering justice with politics. It would certainly tend to railroading the accused so they may prove themselves right in their accusations and they will ignore their primary duty of protectors of the public.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Macaulay, in his History of England, when discussing events leading to the expulsion of James II stated that the tribunal, by successive dismissions, had been reduced to such complete subjection that the very government which had instituted the prosecution was allowed to prescribe the punishment. So let us beware lest in the future, historians will say of us as they did of the last of the Stuarts of England, that by an unprecedented succession of stupidities they trampled on the fundamental laws of their country, written and unwritten, sometimes with a show of legality and sometimes without.

So with the central government of the United States when they allow a militant majority, or a misguided and fanatical minority, even though sincere, to force upon this country the appalling situation both in politics and economics that has resulted after ten years of the "noble experiment."

All this has resulted from blunders and stupidity through loss of confidence and trust by the governed in their government and in its daily weakening and complete collapse.

A. E. F.

## CONGRESS AND INCUNABULA

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I have received a marked copy of your magazine—issue of May 7—which contains a splendid editorial in behalf of the purchase of the Vollbehr collection of incunabula.

I have seen no better argument in the public press in support of H. R. 6147. You have hit the nail on the head in a very pithy half-column, and no doubt have rendered a very substantial service to our cause.

I am sure we shall all feel amply rewarded for our efforts, if we are successful in having the bill voted on at this session, for I am certain it would pass by a large majority, if not almost unanimously, if the members would have an opportunity to cast their votes thereon.

Although the sentiment of the country is strongly in favor of these measures, the chairmen of the respective committees on the Library—Representative Robert S. Luce and Senator Simeon D. Fess—still persist in holding up the reports on them, and I fear if we do not bring considerable pressure to bear the collection will be lost to the United States. It behooves the friends of our cause therefore to do some very effective work, otherwise the bill will not be voted on at this session and our efforts will have been in vain.

Ross A. Collins.

## THE CONSTITUTION AMONG FRIENDS

Dorchester, Mass.

TO the Editor:—"What is the constitution among friends?" Our frame of government is based upon the separation of the three powers—executive, legislative and judicial. The executive crossed a supposedly impassable barrier into the legislative branch when the President hand-picked two senators, significantly leaders of the two opposing parties, and sent them as clerks of the executive department to London—and by their going the legislative branch crossed over into the executive.

Now they have returned, and again the executive crosses over into the legislative, this time by proxy, for in the nature of the case the servants of the President will remain his servants, and although (or because) they are leaders of the Senate, they will act as his attorneys before that body. But they will also, as senators, vote as judges of their own handiwork. It is by such mere trifles that liberty is lost!

Now, the three- or five-power pact is such a lovely thing—so elastic, you know—that who would be so mean as to refuse to swap off the constitution in order to get it? See how beautifully it stretches! If Italy builds, France will build. If both build, England may. If England does—we must. So there you have "big navy" or "little navy"—according to whether the rubber be stretched or relaxed.

To be sure, we have handed over the seas to the "three-power international, limited" and so made war "unthinkable," but then—but then, suppose that some day a big Chinese firecracker should be exploded in Asiatic waters! Suppose that America, traditional friend of China, should find itself in disagreement with the other two corners of the triangle—what then?

Shall we then remark "What is Asiatic friendship among us three?"

Christopher I. Fitzgerald.

## THE AMBIGUOUS "ROMAN"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The same sensation of surprise as that expressed by W. L. Scott in your issue of May 7 was felt by me on reading his first two sentences—"I was surprised to see the term 'Roman Catholic' used by an editorial writer in The Commonweal of March 19. The obvious objection to it is, of course, that it implies that there may be Catholics who are not Roman." Not only may there be, but there are "Catholics who are not Roman." For example, the full official title of the Eastern Church is The Holy Orthodox Catholic Apostolic Eastern Church. This translation of the Greek title is exact and literal. Furthermore, I know, as does the editor of The Commonweal, that there are other Catholic churches besides the Roman and the Eastern. For the sake of charity in the journal which I edit, I always prefix Roman to the word Catholic when referring to the church whose head is in Rome.

George W. Gilmore.
*Editor, the Homiletic Review.*

## REVIVING THE WORLD COURT

Moline, Ills.

TO the Editor:—"And [it is] perhaps equally useless to point out that our adherence [to the World Court] has been an approved policy of four presidential administrations." The Commonweal, April 30, page 724.

Is it pertinent to ask when, and by what majorities this policy has been approved by the voters of the country, when given an opportunity to express themselves specifically on the issue?

And, is the result of an election just "an advisory opinion" to a President and other "servants of the people"?

Rev. J. B. Culemans.

## A CORRECTION

In a paper by William Franklin Sands—What Is Russia?—which appeared in The Commonweal for May 14, there occurred an unfortunate typographical error which changed the meaning of a sentence. Mr. Sands wrote: "I think the recent arrests in Washington in connection with Bishop Freeman's meeting of protest illustrate very well the direction of the Bolshevist tide. A number of high-school boys and girls were arrested for *distributing* a rather innocuous Communist anti-protest." In print the last sentence was made to read: "A number of high-school boys and girls were arrested for *disturbing* a rather innocuous Communist antiprotest."—The Editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

## *Ibsen's Vikings*

YOUR most confirmed Ibsenite will probably admit that The Vikings is better in idea than in construction. It was written by a young Ibsen, not yet inflamed against the social conditions of his own time—not, at least, to the point of writing exclusively about them—and apparently much enamored of Norse legends and heroic proportions. Psychologically, he was much the same Ibsen who later wrote Hedda and The Master Builder—that is, a man deeply preoccupied with the masculine and power-seeking woman, restless and bored under restraint of any kind, and determined to direct and control the deeds of the men about her. Hjordis of The Vikings is just such a character, thwarted in her love-life, and taking out the stored-up energy of her repressions in destructive violence and incitation to bloodshed.

Such themes have an inherent interest. They are more or less timeless, and place makes no essential difference. But before they can take life and color on the stage, the surrounding circumstances must be made fully credible. The beauty of individual lines will not of itself carry conviction nor compel interest. In the theatre one gets absorbed in characters—in men and women—rather than in themes and ideas. The value of the theme is in supplying an interesting situation for interesting people. Fritz Kreisler walking along the street is much like any other man; but Fritz Kreisler continuing a concerto right through to the end, in spite of the fact that his E string has broken under his fingers is a spectacle of genius surmounting a situation. Themes, or situations, are essential to a fine play. They reveal what the people of the play are really like. But if the people themselves do not seem real—that is, if the play is awkward, or its lines and minor situations break the illusion—then an interesting theme by itself is worthless. The Vikings is a good example of strong theme material handled without the sure technique which might give it the illusion of life. Except in individual scenes, it is hollow and artificial, needlessly complicated in its plot, awkward in its exposition, and, in this translation lacking fiery beauty in its language.

Theoretically, the rôle of Hjordis is one cut to order for Blanche Yurka—the star of Mr. Herndon's revival. In an ill-fated melodrama of a few years back, known as The Sea Woman, Miss Yurka showed for all time that quality of driving mysticism which vitalizes all Norse folk-lore and lends its women a stature not quite earthly. She suggested, as the drably dressed keeper of a lighthouse, all the hypnotic glamour of the sea and the atavism of a race born to ride upon it. But she was more of a Viking woman then—when merely creating the luminous shadow—than in the direct representation of the present play. It is one of those occasional and unhappy ironies of the theatre. I do not think the fault is hers. It is the play itself which leaves her standing alone, an isolated character, rather superb in her force and determination, but a little in the predicament of a fully garbed Shakespearean actor fluttering his Brutus toga along a modern city street. In other words, she cannot be much more real than the play itself, and if the play deserts her, through creating no surrounding illusion, then it is no fault of hers if we say—"There goes Miss Yurka in a Viking costume!"

I am all the more certain that it is the play, and not its direction or acting, that is at fault, because of the unusual excellence of the settings, supplemented by amazing light effects on Thomas Wilfrid's clavilux, and the tenseness of the general action after the first act is safely out of the way. Everything within reason has been done to lend atmosphere and visual illusion. But the stilted first act breaks the back of the evening. It establishes that fatal mood of witnessing people in costume rather than real characters evoked from the past. The play never recovers from that first act, in spite of moments during the second when, with the color organ flashing flames against the timbers of the Norseman's hall, and the tempo of the lighting keeping pace with the action, something of tragic import seems to be brewing.

If the Ibsenites will take the suggestion in good part, it seems to me that The Vikings would make excellent material for a highly imaginative motion picture. It illustrates a point I have been stressing considerably of late—namely, that the screen can do a better job in re-creating history, or historical atmosphere, than the stage. Much that is tiresome exposition in this play could be turned into thrilling narrative on the screen. Stage battles (always a trifle ridiculous at best) could be turned into exciting pageants, and off-stage events, such as the revolt of the thralls, could be given the full passion of wild mobs. In such an atmosphere, the tragedy of Hjordis and Sigurd would take on altogether different proportions. It would gather the strength of full illusion and release the power of the characters and their ill-fated love.

## *Song of the Flame*

AS A color-screen version of an operetta, Song of the Flame runs a close second to The Vagabond King in general excellence. It offers a stirring picture of the early days of the Russian revolution, during which (supposedly) the song of a young peasant girl, known as "the Flame," does as much to stir up the populace as the first singing of the Marseillaise in France, 140 years ago. As in France, the revolution far outruns the ideals of those who started it, and before long, Aniuta ("the Flame") finds herself a suspect and struggling for the life of the young prince who once ruled her section of Russia.

Stories of this sort give full play to the power of the screen in depicting mobs in action, scenes crowded with turbulent humanity numbered in the hundreds and thousands. As in The Vagabond King, there are scenes of wild disorder, of mobs rushing through streets and across the countryside at night, torches flaming, men and women shouting and singing. There are also scenes of harvest festival in isolated estates of southern Russia with native dances and music. Through the pageant and the flames of revolution runs the story of the individuals, Aniuta and her Prince Volodya, Konstantin, the revolutionary leader, and his Natasha. It makes a purely romantic but thoroughly acceptable tale, in which the musical numbers are introduced logically enough to keep the unities.

Incidentally, Bernice Claire as the heroine turns out to be a sort of feminine Dennis King, surcharged with vitality and directness of attack, gifted with a delightful and spirited voice and a mobile and interesting face. If the screen ever attempts a story of Joan of Arc, I hope the powers-that-be will have the good sense to give Miss Claire the rôle of the immortal maid. Another pleasant surprise comes with the fine bass voice of Noah Beery who, of course, takes the rôle of the dominant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and grafting Konstantin. Alice Gentle is also very effective vocally as Natasha, the cabaret singer.

Critics of the modern screen who, in their contempt for "movie mentality," can find no word of praise should spend a few moments in considering the quality of direction shown in some of the spectacle films of recent years. Alan Crosland's handling of the mob scenes and mass action in Song of the Flame is something to stir not only the highest praise but also the imagination. The concerted use of detail is staggering. (At the Warner Brothers' Theatre.)

### *The Arizona Kid*

BACK to "westerns"! Well—why not? The advent of dialogue has done more than refurbish the glitter of many fading stars. It has also brought a fresh touch to many tried and true forms of movie entertainment by adding to sheer narrative the possibility of more definite characterization. The amusing part of the situation is that screen dialogue, even in westerns, is proving to be rather more expert and concise than in the general run of plays of similar type. There can, of course, be no comparison as yet between even the best screen play and the true masterpieces of the stage in the power and force of dialogue. But the very mechanics of the screen—the necessity, above all, of economy of time—have brought about a prevailing terseness which mediocre plays can never boast. Most work-a-day plays suffer from padding and insufficient action. The cause of this is usually the need of bringing all events within the confines of one or two sets. Time must elapse to permit certain off-stage events, and that time is filled in with inconsequential dribble. But the freedom of the screen permits following the action wherever it goes. This, in turn, cuts out the need for much explanatory and descriptive dialogue, and demands only dialogue which advances the action or reveals the characters. The result, though frequently lacking in distinction, is at least pointed, brief and logical.

To appreciate how far dialogue has advanced the calibre of screen stories, I suggest a back glance at several of the old westerns, followed by a view of The Arizona Kid. The materials are all the same—the small mining town, the "good" bad man, the villainous adventurer and his feminine accomplice, and the faithful native girl. But instead of tiresome heroics in captions, the characters are now eased along with fairly natural dialogue. They emerge the stronger for the treatment. Incidentally, Warner Baxter and Mona Maris make a good romantic pair almost anywhere under western skies. (At the Roxy Theatre.)

### *The Benson Murder Case*

THIS is a fairly good example of the movies on an off day. I said recently in this department that the future of the screen lay in doing certain things which the stage can never do—and conversely, that the stage should specialize in qualities and subtleties which the screen cannot catch. If this is true, it means that every time the screen undertakes a straight modern narrative, it is in direct competition with the stage and must do superlatively well to justify itself. The Benson Murder Case does not lend itself well to screening. It makes no use of the special possibilities of the screen. The result is a rather flat and even boring series of episodes. The business of keeping the audience in doubt seems much more artificial than in similar circumstances on the stage. In the mystery play, it is a positive advantage to have a limited number of sets. They keep a single and limited viewpoint—beyond which all is mystery.

# BOOKS

## The Bolshevist

*My Life, by Leon Trotzky. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.*

WRITING an autobiography has always been a pleasurable experience; but My Life must have afforded Leon Trotzky more than his due share of enjoyment. In the first place, it has given him an opportunity to get back at his triumphant political opponents. In the second place, his interest in himself and in everything that has ever happened to him is unflagging and indiscriminate. Other little boys have been stung by bees (he was lucky to have it happen only once); other little boys have thrown stones and been hit by them; all little boys have from time to time had their hair cut; but in no other reminiscences do we find these events set forth with such sympathetic seriousness. If the young Russian borrows a pair of shoes that are too tight for him, the incident is related with more zest than it deserves. And this in a book which deals with the great happenings and the bleak tragedies of history.

Trotzky's revolutionary reactions were natural in a brilliant, disgruntled youth, widely, but not deeply, read, and most inconveniently poor. "In all the impressions of my daily life, human inequality stood out in exceptionally coarse and stark forms." The writing of seditious leaflets landed him at nineteen in Siberia with a wife whom he picked up by the way, and who must have been a girl of sterling worth, for she helped him to escape and stayed behind to take care of her baby girls. "Life separated us," is the husband's tranquil comment, "but nothing could destroy our friendship, or our intellectual kinship." He does not say what happened to the babies.

After this the agitator's career was the career of all his kind. Sometimes hidden away in student's quarters, writing pamphlets for dear life. Sometimes in the Fortress of Peter and Paul, where he lay all day on his bunk, and read French and Russian books. "It was so quiet there, so eventless, so perfect for intellectual life." Sometimes en route for Siberia, where he never stayed; or living safely in foreign cities—seven years in Vienna—editing a red-hot paper, the Truth, and talking endlessly to fellow Marxists in cheerful, cheap cafés. A second wife bore him sons, and while there was little money, there was plenty of interest and animation to keep life going, and a never-failing sense of importance to lend it emphasis. "I was paving the way for the next revolution," is the author's modest comment.

The world war turned Trotzky into a man without a country. He fled to that harbor of the harborless, Switzerland, and was firmly requested to move on. England, France and Italy closed their doors. They had troubles of their own. Very reluctantly he went to Spain, only to find the Spanish equally reluctant to receive him. They were patient, they were polite, but they were unyielding. In the end they put the whole family on board a transatlantic steamer and shipped them to New York which was too busy coining money out of the conflict to pay any attention to them.

The Russian revolution brought the revolutionist home. Here begins the interesting part of the history, and here the narrative grows intricate and confused with an excess of detail. The signing of the Brest-Litovsk treaty stripped Russia of pride and honor. The fall of Kerensky, the amazing triumph of Lenin, the weeks of carnage, the iron hand closing down on a bewildered and submissive people, the establishment of a new

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

order—these things fail of their impression because of internal strife and the crowding of minor incidents. Trotzky convinces himself in many angry pages that Lenin mistrusted Stalin, and was "preparing not only to remove him from his post of general secretary, but to disqualify him before the Soviet as well." He pronounces his successful rival to be the "most conspicuous mediocrity of the party, his political equipment restricted, his theoretical equipment primitive."

Perhaps! But this mediocre leader has gone far, and bids fair to go further. He may have little faith in what Trotzky calls President Wilson's "anaemic professional utopias"; but he knows the people with whom he has to deal. Tractability is the Russian's long suit. He has put up with things since the days of the Tartars, and he is likely to put up with them for many years to come. By the same token he can be trusted to put up with Trotzky if that able and bitter extremist ever makes good his footing in the land.

AGNES REPPLIER.

## The Tiger's Testimony

*Grandeur and Misery of Victory, by Georges Clemenceau. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.00.*

AT THE beginning of the decade Francesco Nitti's cry of despair: "L'Europa senze pace! La decadenza dell' Europa." At the end of the decade, two dead men, two giant leaders in the titanic struggle stabbing feebly at each other from the tomb. Is it a true picture the old schoolmaster gives us of Foche, of Pershing, Lloyd George, Poincaré and himself? Is the old fighter of 1870, the tiger of politics, the essential Frenchman, the civilian incarnate, the same old Clemenceau to the end? Or is he a burnt-out Clemenceau, a rather blurred and childish and pathetic Clemenceau, dying as he wrote?

His intense nationalism seems to blind him to the same nationalistic bedrock of compromise in others. The white heat of his Frenchness makes it something against nature that all the world should not die gaily that France might live. Some do feel that way about it, but not all the world.

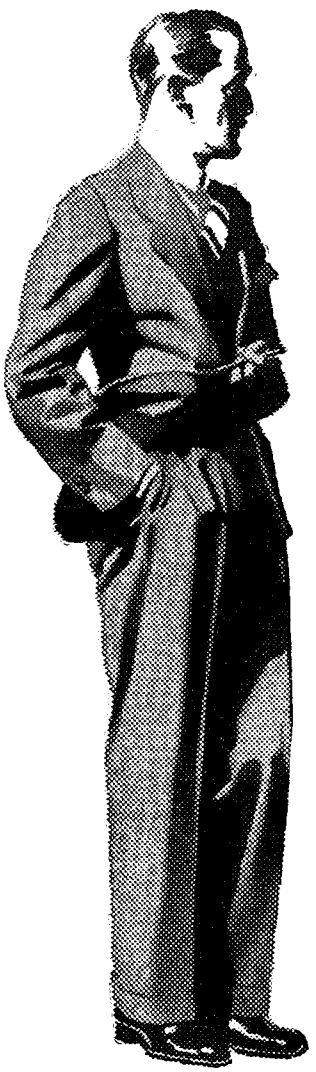
His jealous revolutionary and republican civilianism exacts unquestioning obedience from the supreme military command, in the military domain.

It is a quarrel from the tomb, and in the main it turns on an interpretation summed up in a studied epigram: "Commander, our country commands that you command." There is no grandeur in that part of his recital except the grandeur of epic tragedy. The misery of it is that millions of lives and the wrecking of a civilization hung upon an epigram.

Foche was "insubordinate." Pershing "disobedient." Yet the wording of the Doullens formula under which Foche took supreme allied command bears out Foche's interpretation of his duties. He took the position of coördinator of allied strategy and gave positive orders only in actual concerted battle. In that sense he claimed to be international, and not subject to the French War Minister except in matters directly affecting his position as commander of the French forces. In that he was supported by the president of France.

Clemenceau "gnashed his teeth in secret" at Pershing's "tight-lipped smile" and obstinate refusal to change his main plan, which was "to solve all these military problems at one blow." Well, many an American officer has known that "tight-lipped smile" any time these past thirty years and "gnashed his teeth" at it (secretly too, very secretly!) Perhaps Foche knew that irrespective of civilian government's consent, he could no more "order" Pershing than he could order Haig or King Albert.


B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET
Telephone: MURray Hill 7000
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS



SUITS
For
Younger Men
$65
Sizes, 34 to 40

These characteristically Altman styled suits in single- and double-breasted models are hand tailored by master craftsmen, with one plain and one English pair of trousers. Silver Grays, Tobacco Browns, Greens, Dusty Blues.

Other Altman Suits for Younger Men Are Priced $35, $40, $45

YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING—SIXTH FLOOR


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# NEXT WEEK

American laws restricting immigration have had an unforeseen effect. Because of the disadvantages which hedge about alien citizenship, the foreigner living in this country now hurries to the naturalization courts. Stoyan Christowe's DENATURED NATURALIZATION, discussing this situation, demonstrates that it is not a "growing admiration for American institutions on the part of the would-be citizens but rather an eagerness to avail themselves of the privileges and advantages which citizenship confers" which has overcrowded the naturalization bureaus. . . . TRADING WITH RUSSIA by G. Hirschfeld is a résumé of the economic situation in that country, particularly in relation to the agricultural population. Mr. Hirschfeld contends that the success of Sovietism depends on the attitude of the farmers who comprise five-sixths of Russia's population, and develops the part commercial America is playing in this scheme. . . . The great American game has taken a secondary place in the field of college sports but there are portents which indicate that baseball will eventually equal, if not surpass, football in popularity. BASEBALL IN THE COLLEGES by Herbert Reed is an interesting paper on a real revival of interest in the college variety of this sport. . . . Kigiloff, once a great Russian frontier outpost but now only a little cluster of log huts, provides the setting for A SIBERIAN VILLAGE by Walter R. Hudson. It is a tale of adventures in a sub-Arctic land. . . . Harvey Wickham waxes humorous in FOR THE COMMON WOE which is a highly diverting genealogical chart of The Commonweal's family tree.

Poor worn-out Tiger and poor Foche. The whole thing is a pity unless from their revelations we can learn that present-day warfare cannot be conducted efficiently by any one, and least of all by peoples who have incorporated democratic principles in their national organization.

Clemenceau's sketches of the men of the conference are gems; no failing faculties of a tired old man there. That chapter is a classic of witty, cynical characterization. There is grandeur again in The Work of President Wilson. In that part the old schoolmaster regains his serenity; in the next chapter he emerges once more as one who "has seen himself half-way suspended between heaven and earth and has escaped being smitten by stars hurtling from their orbits"; he is the "philosopher upon whom is laid the task of sustaining others, himself sustained of none." No doubt much of that isolation came from the peculiarly venomous personal feuds of the French ruling oligarchy as well as from the mutual suspicions of civilian "free-thinking" Republican bourgeois, and royalist Catholic professional soldiers. Part of it certainly came from the uncertain validity of decisions made by representatives of parliamentary government.

All of these things are easily traceable through his denunciation of the baneful influence of Foche after the war, in the Rhineland problems and the guarantee pact discussion: it is traceable in the bitterness of Foche's reflections on Clemenceau which gave rise to the present book, and in the quarrel over post-war reconstruction policies, which were, as the tired statesman quite truly suggests, civil and not military problems until the failure of peace and the "decadenza dell'Europa" bewailed by Nitti ten years before made them once more problems of military preparedness. This book should be a textbook for delegates to conferences to limit armament on land and sea.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

## The Wasp of Twickenham

*Alexander Pope, by Edith Sitwell. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $4.00.*

THE current flair for biography seems to reënforce Hazlitt's remark that there is nothing to be said of an author whom all the world have made up their minds about; for although the present practice is to present an argument in direct contrariety to generally accepted views, not even Mr. Lytton Strachey has been entirely successful in reforming popular conceptions.

If, however, Miss Edith Sitwell's Alexander Pope fails of its major purpose, that of delineating Pope as a large-minded, generous soul, it at least serves another purpose, that of recalling him to our minds as a supreme artist among poets.

Tradition concerning him as a somewhat peevish invalid who made enemies of his friends with little or no concern as long as his ends were achieved is so well grounded that no amount of explanation concerning his generosity in money matters will avail to offset it. That he was a powerful figure in the society of his day is well established, but that that power arose from anything except his genius as a poet something other than anecdotes of good nature must make evident. And so far as matters of his personal conduct require apology, strictures upon the characters of Lady Mary Montagu and John Dennis and criticism of Teresa Blount will not wipe out remembrance of his treatment of Wycherley, of Edmund Curll, of his silliness in the affair of the Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady, of his falsifying his correspondence, and of his injustice to Joseph Addison. It would seem that in spite of his latest apologist Pope must remain the Pope of tradition.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It must not be concluded from the foregoing, however, that Miss Sitwell's book fails of distinction. One can think of it only as an extremely valuable contribution to the corpus of Pope criticism. What one cannot fail to object to, none the less, is that the author has followed the somewhat obvious current custom in contradicting the general opinion of a personality which 200 years have developed and sustained.

And one can also be grateful for the manner of the book. The introduction is a masterly discussion of the present condition of the world of poetry, and at the end is appended a critique of Pope's verse that is probably better than anything that has yet been said about it; while throughout, the work is sustained by a style which for conciseness, flexibility, cadence, and "undefiled" English is such as might well be expected at the hands of one of Miss Sitwell's reputation for literary finesse.

One or two of the scenes are unforgettable: "On a summer day a shopman and his young son walking among the mazes of Twickenham saw a thin little man, in a suit of rusty black with a cocked hat, who walked with difficulty. The little man, as he passed, heard the boy exclaim, overcome with pity, 'Poor man!' 'Poor man!' said his father. 'That is no poor man. It is the great Mr. Alexander Pope.'" But I like much better the last moments of his life: "The priest who performed the last office came from the dying man . . . penetrated to the last degree with the state of mind in which he found his penitent, resigned, and with his soul and heart filled with the love of God and man. For Pope, whose weakness for the last years was such that he had to be dressed and undressed like a child, in his fervor for God, exerted his final power of movement that he might throw himself out of bed and receive the last sacrament kneeling on the floor."

GEORGE CARVER.

## Aspects of Mediaevalism

*The Cambridge Mediaeval History; planned by the late J. B. Bury. Volume VI: Victory of the Papacy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $14.00.*

THE Cambridge Mediaeval History is important not only because of its plan, scope and contributors, but because it fixes, and for a long time will tend to standardize, thought in the English-speaking world on the subject of mediaeval life and institutions. All the drawbacks and all the advantages in presenting history in the form adopted by the Cambridge editors are revealed in this volume. The twenty-five chapters it contains, though of exceptionally high quality, are not all of equal merit. Many of them are not essays on topics peculiar to the thirteenth century with which the volume is concerned, but are discussions on particular phases of mediaeval life. In this, as in all works on general history, or in this more particularly because of its many contributors, the system of grouping fractional phases of particular subjects in chronological sections has the advantage of offering a cross-section of the life of a specified period, an advantage not possessed by the method of discussing history in the form of monographs.

This volume is worthy of the period with which it deals. Its value will be immeasurably enhanced for readers or consultants if they take the pains to read the masterly introduction from the pen of Dr. Previté-Orton. This introduction is not only an able summary of the significance of the thirteenth century, but an excellent piece of historical criticism. Because of the manner in which the plan of the Cambridge Mediaeval History developed under the hand of the late J. B. Bury it has come to represent something midway between a historical encyclopedia

***"A generous, obstinate hero whose very faults were grand."***

—THE BOOKMAN

"THE story of De Soto's two-year trek across what are now our Southern states is epic stuff, and Mr. Maynard makes the most of it."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"RARELY has an authoritative biography of an adventurer been written in so fascinating a manner. The reading, in itself, is an adventure. The dry humor, springing up everywhere, is delightful. The ancient sources have yielded absorbing research material. Above all, through it all, beats the pulse of gay humanity, the vital spark of life."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

**16 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS** **$3.50**

# DE SOTO
## AND THE CONQUISTADORES

***By Theodore Maynard***

**LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.**
**55 FIFTH AVENUE** **NEW YORK CITY**


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## OUR LADY OF LOURDES CAMP ASSOCIATION

A Camp for Catholic Boys
*and*
A Camp for Catholic Girls
(*Age Limits Ten to Sixteen*)

**Livingston Manor, Sullivan Co., New York**
1200 *Acres, Mountain, Meadow, Forest.*
Each camp located on its own lake.
Boating, Bathing, Athletic Sports.
Priest in residence at each camp.

**Terms—$80 a Month**
***Two Entrance Dates July 1st and Aug. 1st***

**O. L. L. CAMP FOR GIRLS**
*July 1st to August 30th*

**CAMP ACADIA FOR BOYS**
*July 1st to August 30th*

*For prospectus and further information address*

**The Right Rev. JOS. H. McMAHON, Ph.D.**
*DIRECTOR*
**468 West 143rd Street** **New York City**
*Telephone, Edgecombe 5820*

## WE-HA-KEE
***Camp for Girls***

**On Green Bay, Marinette, Wisconsin. 8 hours from Chicago. Modern equipment. All activities. Staff of Sister counselors—also doctor and nurse. Fee $250. Conducted by Dominican Sisters. For information, write**
**Sister David, Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.**

## PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
**COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART**
**133d Street and Convent Avenue, New York**
**SUMMER SCHOOL, JUNE 24—AUGUST 2, INCLUSIVE**
**THE REV. DOM MAUR SABLAYROLLES, O.S.B.**
**representative in America of Solesmes and the teachings of DOM ANDRE MOCQUEREAU will direct the Liturgical Singing**

| | |
|---|---|
| Justine Ward Method | Victor Records of Gregorian Chants |
| Gregorian Chant | |
| Gregorian Accompaniment | |
| *Sight Reading, Ear Training* | *Pius X Choir conducted by* |
| Polyphony—Training of Boy Choir | Justine Ward |

***For further information, adddress the Secretary—Audubon 3663***

**Young woman, graduate of Catholic college, two years' graduate study in France, A.M., candidate for Ph.D. at Columbia; wishes to teach college English, New York or vicinity. Experience and recommendations. Box 8, Commonweal.**


and a set of special monographs. Therefore, to get the full significance of many chapters in this volume it is necessary to read them in connection with the corresponding chapters in Volume V or in some earlier volume of the series.

The thirteenth century is generally regarded as the most flourishing period of mediaeval life. Dr. Previté-Orton, in his introduction, dwells to some extent, on this subject, and, while he is generous in his praise of its achievements, his praise is tempered to accord with the impermanence of what it accomplished. The church was then at the height of its power and grandeur. A perusal of this volume will reveal how all pervasive its influence was. Strange to say, however, the chapter on Innocent III, by Dr. Jacob of Manchester, does not bring out clearly the full measure of papal supremacy or the character of the man in whom that supremacy was vested. Perhaps the limitations imposed on the author forced him to describe, not the man who is generally considered to have been more than any other, the embodiment of the spirit of his times, but the consummate administrator who kept the ecclesiastical organization in motion. Nearly half the chapters are devoted to the national histories of the countries of Europe, Italy, England, France, the Scandinavian countries, Spain, Bohemia, Poland and Hungary. These chapters are concise summaries of life, politics, warfare and religion, and are all from the pens of recognized specialists. The other chapters deal with Commerce and Industry, Ecclesiastical Organization, Universities, Political Theory, Heresies and the Inquisition, The Mendicant Orders, Ecclesiastical and Military Architecture, The Art of War, Chivalry and the Legendary Cycles of the Middle-Ages.

Some of the chapters are of preëminent merit, as for instance those on the Universities by the late Dr. Hastings Rashdall, on German history from Henry VI to the long interregnum after the death of Frederick II by Mr. Austin Lane Poole and on the Mendicant Orders by Dr. Little. It would be impossible to attempt any criticism in detail of these or any other chapters. All the authors have crowded into the limited space allowed to them vast stores of erudition, and whether one assents to their judgments or not, their findings must be looked on as a sincere expression of mature scholarship. This does not imply, however, that every statement in the volume has to be accepted as a final verdict, or that a reader must necessarily bow to Dr. Watson's conception of ecclesiastical organization or refrain from wondering why Dr. Hamilton, in speaking of the Gallican liturgy, found it necessary to refer to it as a derivative of the mythical liturgy of Ephesus. No effort has been spared in the preparation of indices, maps and bibliographies to make the volume helpful and useful to students.

It must be said that, rich as the volume is in mediaeval lore, and reflecting as it does the historical insight of a group of highly competent scholars, it does not quite open up the soul of the thirteenth century. Though the mind of the church, its monastic institutions and ideals, its organization and law remain essentially unchanged, the thought of the present, as reflected in this book, is irreconcilably alien to the aspirations and outlook of that earlier period. The work of the distinguished scholars who contributed to this volume gives an excellent picture of the externals of thirteenth-century existence, but the very excellence of the picture merely accentuates the gulf that severs that time from the present. That age was ecclesiastical and religious in ideal and effort: this, like the Hellenistic period, is secular and earthly in tone, and it is no wonder that there are some who regard the middle-ages as an interlude, not a connecting link between two other epochs.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Briefer Mention

*Mediaeval Latin Lyrics, by Helen Waddell. New York: Richard R. Smith. $5.00.*

THIS anthology, written to accompany the author's Wandering Scholars, offers little that is distinctly new to compilers of verse written in Latin between the first and thirteenth centuries. Indeed, Miss Waddell admits that her "omissions will seem unaccountable." What she sought to produce was merely a collection of poems she felt able to translate. I think she may fairly claim to have succeeded. It is an exceptionally interesting book, from the introduction to the notes. The verse itself is printed so that the English version always faces the original text. There are some misprints, and one wishes the author had not tossed aside so lightly the case made by modern investigators for "Celtic and Arabic" influences. This case happens to be summed up in Messrs. Allen and Jones's The Romanesque Lyric, where there are likewise translations of many poems which caught Miss Waddell's fancy. The temptation to compare thus presents itself. One feels that the present book conserves quite a little more of the true lyric quality while failing, relatively speaking, to offer a really rich and subtly motivated blank verse. Its quality can be tested by the renderings of Alcuin, which seem to me incomparably the best I have ever read. Miss Waddell deserves the patronage of everyone who likes mediaeval song and story.

*Rice, by Louise Jordan Miln. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.00.*

MRS. MILN expresses here her customary understanding of a great people too superficially known, as a rule, to Occidentals. The symbol of Rice—"beauty of nature, beauty of thought, tradition, the music the centuries have woven in beautiful tapestry of belief and code, national dignities; a people's inexhaustible solace: the spiritual rice of China"—runs through the story. It is concerned chiefly with two brave women of the peasant class in the province of Shantung, where rice is eaten only by the rich. All her laborious life the widow Pang Kee dreams of a feast of beautiful pearl-like rice such as princes ate in the Forbidden City: looks forward to that epicurean climax as the reward of all her privations. And Pang Soo, her daughter, returns at the climax of the wandering, stormy existence her mother had worked to make fair and secure, just in time to prepare a bowl of the exalted dainty for the old woman on the threshold of the grave. In this story of the patient integrity of a people who are to us strangers, Mrs. Miln has made an honorable contribution to the cause of international sympathy.

*The Road of the Gods, by Isabel Paterson. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.*

IMAGINATION can have free sway in a novel whose setting is the forests of Thuringia just prior to Caesar's invasion of Gaul. But it is obvious that Mrs. Paterson in writing The Road of the Gods has applied considerable research to guarantee authenticity wherever possible. Perhaps middle Germania was as she pictures it, perhaps the people of the Holy Grove tended their Druidical close, perhaps the treachery of Althea, a Greek who knew the cities of the Mediterranean world, worked her revenge on the High Priest, perhaps Greda, her granddaughter belonged to a prototype of our girl scouts. Accepting these things on faith one can grant Mrs. Paterson reality and admire the beauty of her descriptions, her idyllic portrayal of an idyllic people and an idyllic love story, her romance attaining satisfactory heights.


**GOING TO EUROPE?**

The Cenacle Tour offers an unusual opportunity to visit Europe under the auspices of The Cenacle of St. Regis. The party, limited to twenty-five, will tour England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Belgium and Italy, and include Class A tickets for the Oberammergau Passion Play. Visits will be made to the famous shrines at Lourdes, Assissi, Padua and Lisieux and to the Motherhome of The Cenacle.

The inclusive fare of this 65-day tour is $975. It will leave N. Y., June 28 and arrive back September 1.

Immediate application is necessary. Write to

**MOTHER SECRETARY, The Cenacle of St. Regis**
628 West 140th Street New York City

CATHOLIC COLLEGE for women two miles from Morristown, N. J.; one hour from New York City. A.B., B.S., B.M. degrees. Teacher-training courses. Well-equipped laboratories, botanical experiment houses, and classrooms; large library and gymnasium; music hall with forty-five pianos; attractive dormitories. Outdoor sports, including tennis, hockey, soccer, basketball, and baseball. 400-acre campus. Wide lawns, spacious athletic fields. College farm. Catalog. Address the Dean, Box K, Convent Station, N. J.

*College of St. Elizabeth*

**CAMP ON-TI-ORA**
IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS
*Superior Catholic Camp for Girls*
All field and water sports. Riding. Highest camping standards. Select membership. Experienced counsellors. Booklet on request.
MISS JOSEPHINE COWHEY
730 Riverside Drive New York, N. Y.

**INSTITUT DE HAUTES ETUDES**
Villa des Fougères
Fribourg, Switzerland
Foreign study center of Rosary College. Thorough courses in French organized to meet Junior Collegiate requirements. Teaching staff from University of Fribourg. Ideal surroundings. Exceptional opportunity for extensive travel with experienced chaperones. Moderate rates.
*Write for Foreign Study Bulletin*
Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois

**GORHAM**
ECCLESIASTICAL PRODUCTIONS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Rosaries | Candlesticks | Vases |
| Crucifixes | Ostensoria | Pyxis & Oil Stocks |
| Medals | Vestments | Triptychs |

Altar Appointments — Church Decorations
Mosaics—Tablets—Stained Glass Windows

GORHAM
Fifth Avenue at 47th Street, New York


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*31st Season for Boys 7-16*
**A CATHOLIC CAMP FOR BOYS AND GUEST CAMP FOR MEN**
where joy, good health and sportsmanship reign supreme
Chaplain, Doctor, Twenty Counselors and Nurse are part of staff
*Write for 1930 Booklet to*
Directors J. P. Maloney and J. C. Myer
CAMP NAMASCHAUG
8 Court Square, Brooklyn, N. Y.
(Telephone TRI angle 1532)
N. J. Office, Phone Essex 5586

*Telephone Oakland 2208*

**Miss Sara Benedicta O'Neill**

*BOOKDEALER*
*for the*
*CHICAGO CALVERT CLUB*

**At home Tuesdays, afternoon and evenings.**
**Other times by appointment. Tea.**

*Books useful and interesting to Catholics*
*4554 Greenwood Avenue*
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**"THE UNIVERSE"**

*Founded in the year 1860*

Britain's Premier Catholic Paper

*Keep informed:—*
Concerning Catholic activities in Europe.

*Read* Articles by the most distinguished Catholic Writers in Europe. A thoroughly wide-awake Catholic paper—bright features from start to finish.

Three dollars a year
52 issues by mail

Send three dollars (or a check) to:—

The Manager, "THE UNIVERSE"
1, Arundel Street LONDON, W.C. 2.

**BURR PRINTING HOUSE**
FOUNDED 1837

FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING


*The Unknown Washington, by John Corbin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.*

MR. CORBIN, a graduate of Harvard and Oxford, an editorial writer, a Roosevelt Republican, and author of The Return of the Middle Class has written a volume around The Unknown Washington. This is not another new biography, though it attempts to be a true biography based on a thorough reading of Washingtoniana. A bit dull in style and confusing in organization, the book can have little appeal for the casual reader. For the serious student, there is a challenge in Mr. Corbin's defense of Washington from scandal mongers and from sober historians, who minimize the general's contribution to constitutional government in the critical period after the War and in the not less critical years of the recently established nation. The emphasis is on Washington as a builder, a unionist and a framer of the actual working government. Madison, Hamilton and Adams, the writer feels, have been stressed to the detriment of their chief—of the first "great engineer" who built canals and roads and promoted western development. Again he feels that in the historian's interest in Jefferson's liberal revolution of 1800, that the father of his country has been sorely neglected. With this in view, Mr. Corbin reviews in kindly tone past works dealing with Washington and his era, as he offers his own explanation of men, movements and events. And his is an interpretation which cannot be neglected even by stout believers in economic determinism.

*Everybody's Greville; edited by Philip Morrell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.00.*

GREVILLE, man about town, has never been surpassed as a commentator on life in England during the early years of the nineteenth century. But the enormous expanses of his diary virtually precluded interest on the part of anyone excepting the specialist. Mr. Morrell, who feels that he acted in the spirit of suggestions advanced long ago by Lord Gladstone and others, has now abridged the material so that one fairly large volume is all we are required to read. The editorial work has been competently done. One feels, however, that the American reader in particular will find himself called upon to know considerable English history. Would it not have been a good idea to increase the number of explicatory notes, or to supply a kind of historical glossary? But even as it stands the book is one of the most fascinating reprints to have appeared in a long while.

## CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS J. A. MERCIER is the author of Le Mouvement Humaniste aux Etats-Unis.

CLAUDE BRAGDON, an architect and scenic designer, is the author of The New Image; Merely Players; and other books.

JOHN CARTER, the author of Man Is War, and Conquest, is associated with the State Department in Washington.

SIDDIE JOE JOHNSON will shortly publish a volume of poetry in which Sea Tryst is to be the title poem.

FRANK WHALEN is an assistant principal in the New York public schools and a lecturer in psychology at Hunter College.

JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH is a young California poet and prose writer.

SISTER MARY OF THE VISITATION is a nun in one of the convents of the Visitation in Maryland.

REV. LEO R. WARD, C.S.C., of Notre Dame University, is an essayist and critic.

AGNES REPPLIER, is an American essayist and the author of Books and Men; Points of View; Varia; In Our Convent Days; and Americans and Others.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS, fomerly in the American diplomatic service, is an authority on international affairs.

GEORGE CARVER is assistant professor of literature in the University of Pittsburgh, and the author of The Catholic Tradition in English Literature.

REV. PATRICK J. HEALY is dean of the faculty of theology in the Catholic University of America. He is the author of The Valerian Persecution; and Historical Christianity and the Social Question.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED